

# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

No. 257.—VOL. X.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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MISS EMMA CHAMBERS, AS SERPOLETTE, IN "LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE."



## THEATRES.

## THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.  
Every Evening at 7.30, the New Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled **JACK AND THE BEANSTALK**; or, **Harlequin and the Seven Champions as We've Christened 'em**. On a scale of magnificence unparalleled even at this theatre. Written expressly for this Theatre by Mr. Frank W. Green. New and magnificent Scenery by Julian Hicks, Son, and assistants. The whole invented and produced by Charles Harris. Principal Artists: Miss Fannie Leslie, Miss Clara Jecks, Miss Katie Barry, and Miss Lizzie Coote, Mr. G. H. Macdormott, Mr. E. J. George, Mr. G. Vokes, Master C. Lauri, Mr. Tully Lewis, and Mr. Herbert Campbell; Mdlle. Limido, premiere danseuse (from La Scala, Milan), supported by Mdlle. Sidonie; Clown, Mr. Harry Payne.  
**FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY (Saturday), Dec. 28;** Second, Monday Next, Dec. 30; Third, Wednesday, Jan. 1; Fourth, Saturday, Jan. 4, and on Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday after that date until further notice, commencing each day at 2 o'clock. Children under twelve admitted to Morning Performances at Half-price to all parts of the house on payment at the doors only. The only authorised Box-office under the portico open daily from 10 o'clock till 5, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall. Prices of admission:—Private Boxes from £4 4s. to 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 7s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (Reserved), 3s.; Unreserved, 2s.; Pit, 2s. (for the first time at this theatre); and Gallery, 1s.

## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.  
Every evening at 7.30, will be performed the **Drury Lane Grand Comic Christmas Annual**, by E. L. Blanchard, entitled **CINDERELLA**; or, **HARLEQUIN AND THE FAIRY SLIPPER**. The new and characteristic scenery by William Beverley. Music by Karl Meyer. The Ballets arranged and the whole of the Pantomime produced by Mr. John Cornack, under the personal supervision of Mr. F. B. Chatterton. Characters in the opening by the celebrated Vokes Family, Mr. F. Barsby, Miss Hudspeth, Miss Julia Warden, &c.; premiere danseuse, Mdlle. Marie Gosselin. New song, "Cinderella," composed by Julia Woolfe. Double Harlequinade Fred Evans and Charles Lauri, Clowns. Madame Helena's Performing Dogs. Edwin Ball's Combination Bicycle Troupe, Performing Pigeons and Monkeys. Preceded at 7 by an original Farce, entitled **HIS NOVICE**. Mr. Edward Stirling, Stage Manager; Mr. James Guiver, Treasurer. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box office open from ten till five daily. Prices 6d. to £5 5s.  
**"CINDERELLA" MORNING PERFORMANCES** every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, to which Children and Schools will be admitted at Half-price to all parts, Upper Gallery excepted. Doors open at 1.30, commence at 2. Box-office open 10 to 5 daily.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

## THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

**THE CRISIS**, a new comedy in 4 acts, adapted by James Albery from August's **LES FOURCHAMBAULT**, the greatest success of the past Paris season. Characters by Mrs. John Wood, Misses Fastlake, Lucy Buckstone, and Miss Louise Moodie. Messrs. Howe, Kelly, D. Fisher, jun.; Weathersby, Fielder, and W. Terriss. Every evening at 8.30, and this (Saturday) morning, at 2.30. The comedy preceded every evening by a farce by Percy Fitzgerald, Esq., entitled **THE HENWITCHERS**.

## ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor, Mr. Benjamin Webster. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Every Evening, at 7.45, **PROOF**. Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, L. Lablache, C. Harcourt, H. Cooper, J. Johnstone. Mesdames Bandmann, A. Stirling, Billington, D. Drummond, R. Bentley, Clara Jecks, Kate Barry, and Bella Pateman. Preceded by **TURN HIM OUT**. Mr. J. P. Bernard. Conclude with **SHRIMP'S FOR TWO**.

## ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Great attractions for the holidays. Every evening, until further notice, at 7, **ON AND OFF**. Followed by **HIS LAST LEGS**. W. H. Vernon. After which **THE BABY**. Messrs. Loredon, Marius, H. Cox, E. Marshall H. Carter, F. Wyatt, L. R. Cade, H. Turner, &c.; Mesdames Lottie Venne, Violet Cameron, Maud Howard, G. Williams, G. La Feuillade, and the Ladies of the Chorus, &c. Doors open at 6.30.

## ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. HARE

has the honour to announce that this theatre will RE-OPEN (for the fifth season under his management) on **SATURDAY, Jan. 4, 1879**, with the celebrated comedy of **A SCRAP OF PAPER**, and the one-act play **A QUIET RUBBER**. The following ladies and gentlemen will form the company:—Mrs. W. H. Kendal, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss C. Grahame (her first appearance in London), Miss Cowle, Miss M. Cathcart; Mr. W. H. Kendal, Mr. T. N. Wenmand, Mr. Mackintosh (his first appearance in London), Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. W. Herbert, Mr. W. Younge, Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Hare. Entirely new scenery, painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford. Musical Director, Herr Schoening. Assistant Stage Manager, Mr. R. Cathcart. Acting-Manager, Mr. John Huy.—Box-office will open Monday, Dec. 30.

## PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.  
Every Evening—Revival (first time for thirteen years) of Charles Reade's very successful and powerful Drama, **IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND**, with new scenery and appointments. The following specially selected company has been engaged:—Messrs. Charles Warner, Howard Russell, John C. Cowper, William Redmond, A. Callhaem, F. W. Irish, De Belville, A. Nelson, Parkes, Beauchamp, Strickland, Haisman, and Harry Sinclair. Mesdames Maud Milton, Stewart, and Rose Leclercq. Box-office open daily from 10 to 5.

## VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—1270th

Night of **OUR BOYS**. Eve- Evening, at 7.30, **A WHIRLIGIG**; at 8, the most successful comedy, **OUR BOYS**, written by H. J. Byron (1270th and following nights). Concluding with **A FEARFUL FOG**. Supported by Messrs. Thorne, Flockton, Garthorne, Naylor, Bradbury, and James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

## ROYALTY THEATRE.—On Wednesday,

January 1st, will be produced, for the first time, **LITTLE CINDERELLA**, a Comedy in Two Acts by Palgrave Simpson, Esq. Also a new and original English Comic Opera, **ITTA IN THIBET**, supported by Miss Kate Santley and a powerful company.

## CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.  
Special Notice.—Owing to the indisposition of Mr. Charles Wyndham, and the orders he has received from his medical adviser to take a few weeks' rest, the present season, which has continued for nearly three years without intermission, closed on Saturday, Dec. 21, and the new comedy season will recommence on Saturday, Feb. 1, 1879, on which occasion an entirely new comedy will be produced, of which due notice will be given. During the recess Mr. Henderson has much pleasure in announcing that he has transferred to the Criterion Theatre **THE LITTLE QUIRIN** Italian Opera and Ballet Troupe, who were to have played at the Globe Theatre for a series of morning performances, but by this unforeseen opportunity this wonderful company of juvenile artistes are now enabled to play a more important engagement under more favourable auspices. There will be a performance every evening, and matinees every Wednesday and Saturday for a limited period. The performance will commence with Lecocq's Opera Bouffe **LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT**, concluding with the Grand Ballet d'Action in six Tableaux, entitled **THE FISHERMAN'S DREAM**. Seats can now be secured in advance.

## FOLLY THEATRE.

Sole Manager and Proprietor, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.  
**GRAND HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT**. More screamingly funny than any Pantomime in London. At 7.15, **A HUSBAND IN COITON WOOL**. At 7.45, the comedy drama **RETIRED**. At 9.30, Gilbert's celebrated comedy, **THE WEDDING MARCH**. Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, W. J. Hill, J. G. Grahame, C. Steyne, and the entire strength of the Company. Seats can be secured in advance. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

## ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—

**LA POULE AUX ŒUFS D'OR**—EVERY EVENING will be produced the Grand Christmas Fairy Extravaganza in a Prologue, three acts, and sixteen scenes, in which the following artistes, specially engaged, will appear, viz., Mesdames Emily Soldene, V. Granville, C. Vesey, Bertie and Constance Loseby; Messrs. Knight Aston, A. Cook, L. Kelliher, J. Dallas, C. Power, Maj. Robson, F. Hall, and E. Righton. The Girards and M. Bruet and Mdlle. Reviere, the celebrated Buffo Duetists. Three Grand Ballets; arranged by M. Bertrand, magnificent scenery by A. Callcott. Dresses designed by M. Faustin, executed by Miss Fisher, Mrs. May, and Madame Alias. Properties by Mr. Buckley, machinery by Mr. F. Sloman. Music selected from Rossini, Herold, Shield, Offenbach, Lecocq, Grenart, Bucalossi, Chabril, Planquette, and A. Sullivan. With original songs, marches, and ballets by M. G. Jacobi. Doors open at 7.20. Prices from 6d. to £2 12s. 6d. Commence at 7.30.—Manager, Mr. Charles Morton.

## NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.  
The Grand Pantomime, **ROBIN HOOD**; or, **HARLEQUIN THE MERRIE MEN OF SHERWOOD FOREST**. Every evening at 7. Superb Spectacle, the Conquest of Cyprus by Richard 1st. **MORNING PERFORMANCES**, every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 1. Children under 10 Half-price. No fees for booking.

## BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening at 6.45, will be presented the Grand and Successful Pantomime, **THE MAGIC MULE**; OR, **THE ASS'S SKIN AND THE PRINCESS TO WIN**. Mrs. S. Lane, Mdlles. Polly Randall, Summers, Luna, Ada Sidney, Rayner, Newham, Pettifer; Messrs. Fred Foster, Bigwood, Lewis, Ricketts, Wilson, Reeve, Hyde, Tom Lovell. Concluding with **A LEGEND OF WEHRENDORF**. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Rhoyds, Drayton, Towers; Mdlles. Bellair, Adams, Brewer.

## NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—

Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING, will be presented the New **GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME**, by Messrs. G. Conquest and H. Spry, entitled **HOKEE POKEE, THE FIEND OF THE FUNGUS FOREST**; or, the **SIX LINKS OF THE DEVIL'S CHAIN**, supported by Messrs. G. Conquest, G. Conquest, jun., Nicholls, Parker, Syms, Vincent, &c.; Mesdames Maud Stafford, De Maurier, Victor, Inch, L. Conquest, A. Conquest, &c. Harlequin, W. Ozmond; Pantaloon, E. Vincent; Clown, R. Inch, and Columbine, Miss H. Ozmond. Morning Performances on Boxing Day, and the following Friday and Saturday mornings at 12 o'clock, and every succeeding Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday morning at 1.30.

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VARIETIES.  
TRAFALGAR.

The Victory at Sea. Moorish Dagger Ballet at Gibraltar. The West Indies. Jack ashore at Portsmouth. Songs and Hornpipes. Nelson's Departure from England. Castanet Ballet at Cadiz. On Board the Victory. Musket Drill. Cutlass Drill. Shortening Sail. Beating to Quarters. The Battle. The Death of Nelson.

The Daily Telegraph says:—"Arranged in a manner well calculated to invite an expression of patriotic sympathies and evoke enthusiastic plaudits."

The Observer says:—"Surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted."

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT during the Evening: Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Mr. Fred Wilson, the Kiralfys, &c.

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MANATEE, the Mermaid, now on view, admission 6d.

2.30. Theatre. ALADDIN.

3.15. Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.

5.30. Zazel the marvellous.

7.30. Vocal and Instrumental Concert.

8.0. Theatre. ALADDIN.

8.30. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.

10.30. Zazel's second performance.

Dare Brothers, Tell and Tell, Verne and Boyton.

Beni-zoug-zoug, Turks, Zoro, Martinetti Troupe, M. Witham, Paulo Troupe, Valjeans, Wonderland, and Zazel.

The Pantomime, Royal Aquarium Theatre, every afternoon at 2.30, and every evening at 8. The Grand Christmas Pantomime, **ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP**; OR, **THE FLYING PALACE AND BIG BEN OF WESTMINSTER**, by the Brothers Grimm.

No expense or pains have been spared to render it as beautiful, as entertaining, and as attractive to visitors of all ages as the successful preceding Pantomimes at this Theatre. The new and magnificent scenery including the grand transformation, is by Mr. Perkins, the music is composed by M. Dubois, the costumes by Mrs. May from original designs, the dances invented by Madame Collier, the whole production under the superintendence of Messrs. E. F. Edgar and Paul Martinetti. The cast is an especially strong one, including Miss Kate Phillips, Miss Amy Forrest, Miss Miller, Miss N. Phillips, Miss Chapman, Messrs. C. Collette, James Fawn, H. Paulo, W. Gilbert, and Mr. Paul Martinetti. Principal Dancers, Mdlle. Bartolotti, Miss Percival, Mdlle. Violetta. Harlequinade by the famed Martinetti and the favourite Paulo troupes. Royal Aquarium every evening at 8, every afternoon at 2.30. Note Stalls, 6s.; children, 5s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; children, 4s.; Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. Free admission to the Royal Aquarium included, Gallery excepted. Book your seats in advance.

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Marvellous success of the Grand Pantomime, which has been organised regardless of expense.

The performances will commence each AFTERNOON and EVENING, at Two and Seven—Doors open one hour previous—with a celebrated English and Continental Staff of Riders, Rope-dancers, Gymnasts, and Clowns, including Little Sandy, Pietro, and the Drollest of Drolls. To be followed by a grand spectacular portion of

RICHARD III.

the Fifth Act, the Battle of Bosworth Field, and the Death of White Surrey. Concluding with a Grand Combat and Death of the Noble Steed beneath its Royal Master.

To be followed by the grand Christmas Pantomime of **HARLEQUIN CINDERELLA AND THE GLASS SLIPPER**; OR, **THE LITTLE MAID THAT WAS MADE A PRINCESS**.

written by H. Spry, Esq., which is destined to make a hit in the Christmas annals of being the first pantomime produced of the year 1878 and 1879. The fourth portion, which will be the concluding part, will bear upon the incidents of the time—namely, the Afghanistan War and the freeing of the Khyber Pass.

The above-named entertainments will be given at each performance, Morning and Evening, embracing a staff of 1,100 persons, 180 Horses, 60 Ponies, 8 Camels and Dromedaries, Zebras, the Horned Horse, Polar Bears, 4 Giraffes, and 12 ponderous Performing Elephants, the 18 splendid Performing Lions that have been playing at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, during the Exhibition, and those that have been travelling with Mr. George Sanger's Company in Belgium and Germany, and the monster Lion, the Son of Nero, which is the largest in England, has been christened Lord Beaconsfield, out of compliment to the noble lord on his reception at Veuvers.

The magnificent scenery by Messrs. Dayes and Caney. Wardrobe by Mr. S. Bovey and assistants. Properties by Mr. John Rogers. Gas arrangements by Mr. W. Pepper. The electric light by Messrs. Wells and Co. Music arranged and composed by Mr. J. George's. Machinery by Mr. R. Gilbert.

The cast is an especially strong one, including the Misses Kate Allwood, Annie Heresford, Bella Richmond, Lillian Adair, Marie Marlitt, &c.; Messrs. T. B. Appleby, A. Glover, H. Cornwall, H. Dales, P. Fanning, G. Bradfield, &c.

Prices as usual. Box Office open 10 till 4.

General Managers, Messrs. Charles E. Stuart and Sidney Cooper. Secretary, Mr. Alfred Browning. Stage Manager, Mr. R. H. Lingman. Sole Proprietors, Messrs. John and George Sanger.

## HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-

street, Oxford-circus.—CHARLES HENGLER'S unrivalled ENTERTAINMENT.—SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS for the HOLIDAYS. The renowned Riders, Gymnasts, and Drollest of Clowns. Every day and evening at 2.30 and 7.30, a Brilliant Programme, including the Martial and Picturesque Spectacle, entitled **BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE**; or the Congress of Scotland's Warrior. Box Office open daily from 10 to 4. Proprietor, Mr. Charles Hengler.

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Circular Notes .....	355	Turkana .....	359
Answers to Correspondents .....	355	Chess .....	359
The Story of Old Drury (continued) .....	367	Music .....	362
Our Illustrations .....	355	Crickets, Athletics, Aquatics, and Billiards .....	362
Musical Notes of the Week .....	357	Correspondence .....	363
Christmas Annuals .....	366	Sketches in the Hunting Field .....	363
Veterinarian .....	366	No. IX .....	363
Christmas Books .....	358	Captious Critic .....	365
The Drama .....	358	The Magazines .....	356

NEXT WEEK'S issue of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a Portrait of Mdlle. Ambre, of Her Majesty's Theatre—"Humours of the Past Month," by Matt Stretch—Scene from the Pantomime at the Standard Theatre—Deer-Stalking in the Highlands, by J. Temple—A Sledge Party in the 17th Century—The Castle of Lanewstein—Famous Players of the Past (continued), Mrs. Stephen Kemble, by A. H. Wall—Ostrich Hunting—Scenes from the Operas (Gertrude offering the Magic Cup to Siegfried), Wagner's *Niebelungen Ring*—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—Portraits of Eminent Composers (continued), M. Emile Waldteufel—A Sporting Sketch by J. Sturgess, &c., &c.

## HAMILTON'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE,

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## MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—H.R.H. the late

PRINCESS ALICE; Scindia, Maharajah of Gwalior; Gholam Hussein Khan, our Envoy; Shero Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan; Berlin Congress; the Guillotine used during the reign of Terror; the gallows designed by the notorious Thurtell, and used in England; the Bulgarian Atrocities, photographed from life taken at the time and place; Peace, the Blackheath Burial. Admission 1s.; Chamber of Horrors, 6d. extra. Open from ten till ten.

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## MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Tour terminated

at the THEATRE ROYAL, CORK, on December 14th, and (after a month's rest) will RE-COMMENCE in Scotland, on the 20th of January, 1879.—Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

## TO OUR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is so rapidly increasing its foreign and colonial circulation that its managers consider it their duty to cater more specially for their wishes in conjunction with those of home readers. With this end in view, we shall be glad to receive sketches or photographs of events having sufficient importance occurring in any of those countries in which this paper now circulates. A Special Edition is printed on thin paper, and forwarded post free to any part of the world, at the rate of £1 9s. 2d. per annum, payable in advance. The yearly subscription for the ordinary thick paper edition is £1 13s. 6d.

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OFFICES—148, STRAND, W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is to be had on the day of publication at M. K. NILSSON'S Library, 212, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

J. F.—Consult Pascoe's "Dramatic List," published by Hardwicke and Rogue, of Piccadilly, W.

S. M.—Mr. Edmund Falconer was born in Dublin. His play of *The Cagot*; or *Heart for Heart* was produced at the Lyceum Theatre on December 6th, 1856.

COMEDIAN.—1. We have already published more than once the fact that Mr. Barry Sullivan was born in 1824, at Birmingham. 2. He made his debut in London, as Hamlet, at the Haymarket Theatre, in February, 1852, having been playing in the provinces for some time previously.

L. P. J.—Mr. George Osmond Tearle made his first appearance at the Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool, as Guildenstern, in *Hamlet*.

## MUSICAL.

R. W. J.—Signor Verdi is a member of the Italian Parliament, and is now at Rome. Address your letter "Al Signore Giuseppe Verdi, il Grande compositore, a Roma, Italia," and it will find him. We cannot at present give you the Bar-n von Plotow's address, but hope to give it you shortly.

RUNY.—"Rienzi" was the first opera written by Richard Wagner. It was produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, April 6th, 1869, with but slight success. The Imperialists frowned on a work which glorified a "Tribune of the People," and French musicians complained of Wagner's want of melodic inspiration. It has never yet been heard on the stage in England, but will be produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company four weeks hence at Her Majesty's Theatre. The original libretto, written by Wagner himself, is founded on Bulwer's "Rienzi."

A. C. C.—"Le Pardon de Ploermel" was the original title of Meyerbeer's opera, now more generally known by the name of the chief personage, "Dinorah."

R. S.—You can obtain the information you require, respecting the "Double Piano," of M. Rivière, No. 28, Leicester-square.

R. N.—The first opera performed at the Academy of Music (now the Grand Opera) Paris, was a pastoral opera in five acts, written by the Abbé Perrin, and composed by Cambert, the first chef d'orchestre of the establishment. The opera was entitled *Pomona*, and was produced on the opening night, March 10, 1671.

ANNA P.—We are happy to say that Miss Leffer (Mrs. Henry Harper) is not merely alive, but flourishing. A letter addressed to her at Cape Town will be sure to find her.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

HENRY W. MARSHALL.—You have fallen into the vulgar error of supposing such things, are, as a matter of course, written by the Editor. As a rule on high-class journals, the business of the Editor is simply to edit not to write, just as it is the business of a general to direct his troops, not to use rifle and sword, or a coachman to drive his horses and keep them working well together, not to get between the shafts and himself pull. We happen to know that the article in question was written by quite another person. We do not, of course, deny the Editor's responsibility, nor would he himself.

DOUBTING.—A little investigation disproves the statement. A return was laid on the table of the House of Commons in 1843, which showed that during the thirty years ending with December 1842, there had been a gradual, great, and remarkably steady decrease in the number of executions for murder in this country.

R. H. V.—Seymour states "that when St. Mary's Church was pulled down by the Lord Protector, its site was afterwards thrown into the gardens which then surrounded Somerset House."

H. D. N.—We have always more queries than we can answer in the number immediately following their receipt, and some are answered more readily and consequently more speedily than others. The story of Tell and the apple exists in several ancient records. Toko, a private soldier in the army of Harold, fourth King of Denmark, boasting the extraordinary feats he could perform with bow and arrow, the King compelled him to realise them by shooting from the head of his (Toko's) son a small apple, the penalty of failure being death. Toko made the lad stand with his face turned from him, took three arrows from his quiver, and clove the apple with the first. The king asking wherefore he took more arrows than one, he replied, "To revenge my boy's death if I had miscarried," with which answer, it is said, Harold was by no means displeased.

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.

## CIRCULAR NOTES.

HERE is a story of "Sylvanus Urban's," which is worth reproducing: "A lady of fashion with a pug-dog and a husband entered the train at Paddington the other day. There were in the carriage but two persons, a well-known professor and his wife; yet the lady of fashion coveted, not indeed his chair, but his seat. 'I wish to sit by the window, sir,' she said imperiously, and he had to move accordingly. 'No, sir, that won't do,' she said, as he meekly took the next place; 'I can't have a stranger sitting close to me. My husband must sit where you are.' Again the professor moved; but his wife fired up and protested. 'That lady is too exacting,' she said aloud; 'you should not have humoured her.' 'What does it matter, my dear,' he replied, 'for such a very little way! She must be getting out at the next station.' Now the next station was Hanwell."

WHEN I was travelling by the Metropolitan Railway the other day a very well-known actor, to whom, however, I am personally a stranger, entered my compartment with his little boy. He was in what I may call a humorously pedagogic mood, but from some of the remarks he let fall I gather that he must be a terrible stickler for the purity of the Queen's English. He delivered a short discourse upon the distinction between the words "further" and "farther," which, for the benefit of those who are slipshod in their use of words, I subjoin. "'Further,'" said he to Young Hopeful, "implies motion; thus it is right to say, 'the train is going further, or are you going further?' But 'farther' implies no sense of motion; thus it is right to say, 'Brighton is farther from Bristol than London,' or 'my house is farther from the station than yours.'"

The definition struck me as ingenious if somewhat nice. The best dictionaries, however, do not recognise it, for they give as the meaning of the adverb "farther," "at or to a greater distance."

THIS is a fact. An old lady of very strict evangelical views entered the reading-room of a Northern hotel not long since with her daughters. Strewn on the tables were most of the popular magazines and periodicals. One by one she turned from these as "frivolous," and was in despair of finding any literature to suit her. At last her eye lit upon *Truth*, and her face brightened at once. The cover convinced her that she had got hold of a periodical of her own sort, probably an S.P.C.K. publication. She gravely took it up, sat herself down, put on her spectacles, and commenced a serious perusal of Mr. Labouchere's lively organ. Her wicked daughters enjoyed for some time the puzzled expression of her face as she tried to reconcile the paragraphs of "Truthful Tommy" with the information and the views she expected to find pronounced. At last a roar of laughter convinced her that something was wrong, and then her mistake was explained to her. But can't you imagine her face!—it must have been a study. That young lady of yours with the mirror, Mr. Labouchere, is a fraud, and you should be ashamed of yourself for allowing her to remain there to entrap honest and unsuspecting folks by her innocent, Exeter Hall looks.

IN the matter of immoral novels, too, the French can give us in racing men's parlance "pounds of weight." Madame Quivogue, who writes under the pseudonym of Marc de Montifaud, has just been condemned to four months' imprisonment and £20 fine on account of her last novel, "Madame Ducroisy," which the Paris tribunal found to contain on almost every page scenes or words which constituted an outrage on public morality. The publisher of the book was also condemned to a fine of £20. Think of the feelings of the Lord Chamberlain if a play by that lady were submitted to his supervision!

I WILL not guarantee that the following story is absolutely true, but I think no one will deny that it is thoroughly French:—"A gentleman in full dress, including white gloves, rushed into an apothecary's shop. He was going to be married, and wished, above all things, that his mother-in-law, whom he already hated by anticipation, should not be at the wedding. 'Could you prepare me immediately,' said he to the apothecary, 'a strong dose of castor-oil in such a manner as it may be taken without the least suspicion of its being a medicine by smell or taste?' 'I am your man,' answered the apothecary, 'and no chemist in Paris better knows how to prepare the dose in the manner you require it.' Five minutes after he appeared holding in his hand a glass half full of a liquid most agreeable to the eye, saying with a smile, 'I hope, monsieur, I am not delaying you too long, but while you are waiting for the medicine, perhaps you will allow me to offer you a glass of lemonade.' The young man accepted the kindness, and found the lemonade excellent and refreshing. But after waiting for ten minutes more, he called out to the apothecary, who was in the inner compounding-room, 'I say, what about the castor-oil?' 'Monsieur,' answered the man of blue bottles, 'I am happy to tell you I have already gratified your wishes; I have disguised the medicine so well that you have taken it without suspicion, in the draught you swallowed just now.' 'Ah! wretch that you are!' cried the poor gentleman in the white gloves, 'it was for my mother-in-law I wanted the dose; I am going myself to be married in one hour!'"

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following:—"I do not know whether you are aware of a curious incident in connection with the late Major Whyte-Melville. It was new to me till the other day. For many years before his death he gave away in charity all the not inconsiderable profits which accrued to him from his successful and popular literary labours. This was done, I have heard hinted, as an *amende* for some youthful peccadillo, and in his liveliest and gayest pages there certainly cropped out occasionally a strange vein of meditative melancholy."

A CONTEMPORARY says that "James Mace, the champion pugilist, has two sons who are preachers among the Plymouth Brethren, and one of them is described as a young man of *striking promise and ability*." The italics are mine, but surely the son of a pugilist might be expected to be a youth of "*striking*" promise and ability.

THERE are some things they do better in France. Take the following for example:—M. Gigot was sent once to London to inspect our police system and get "wrinkles" for the benefit of the French Minister of Police, and this is one of the "wrinkles." He has appointed magistrates in rotation to sit all night in Paris and summarily to hear charges so as to liberate on bail or release persons frivolously arrested, who have hitherto passed twenty-four hours in a filthy lock-up house with the scum of mankind. Would it not be well if we learnt a lesson from our own pupil in this matter?

I HAVE a cordial detestation of precocious children, and I have often wished that these monstrosities were put under a glass-case by the parents, so that they might be seen and not heard, for I should be quite willing to take the parental word for the precocity. My wish has been realised by a worthy couple in Boston, of whom the following particulars will no doubt be interesting:—The family, consisting of father, mother, and ten-year-old daughter, lives in a great mansion without a servant, only having a woman come from time to time to do the heavy household work. For years the inmates have lived on fruit and vegetables only. The child is kept in a glass-case, her playroom, study, and nursery all being at the top of the house, where the walls and roof are of glass, the continual sunbath being considered necessary to the child's physical and moral health and well-being. The mother, formerly

a normal school teacher and a great student, is the child's teacher, and with the exception of her daily airing in the handsome grounds of the place, the little girl never goes out, and rarely does she see another child. If that child should be let out of her glass-case she will be an interesting study of precocity for those who enjoy the dissection of such cases.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## MISS CHAMBERS.

MISS CHAMBERS first came under public notice by her dashing impersonation of Harry Hallyard in *Poll and my Partner Joe*, in May 1871, at the St. James's Theatre. This was followed in the summer by a most successful tour through the United Kingdom. At Christmas, Miss Chambers was offered an engagement at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, where she carried off honours as Jack the Giant-Killer. Miss Chambers next appeared at the Strand and Royalty Theatres, steadily increasing her reputation until she played at the Olympic Theatre (then under the management of Miss Ada Cavendish), and made such a genuine success that Mr. Henry Neville (who succeeded Miss Cavendish in the management of the Olympic) secured her services for the season. During this engagement she played many parts, the best of which was the impersonation of a young country girl in *Sour Grapes*, a most realistic creation. From the Olympic Miss Chambers went to Portsmouth, and undertook the hero in the pantomime of *Alfred the Great*. In the spring *The Two Orphans* was produced; the press and the public were unanimous in their praises of the artistic manner in which this clever young actress performed the rôle of Louise. In 1875 Miss Chambers accepted a three years' engagement from the directors of the Royal Alhambra Theatre, and her reappearance in London was in every way a success. She played in all the Alhambra operas, and at the expiration of her Alhambra engagement appeared at the Philharmonic Theatre as the "Directrice of the Convent" (her original part) in that charming but ill-used opera, *Le Petit Duc*. In this opera her part was, as usual, ably conceived, and her conducting the orchestra in the celebrated "Sol-fa" chorus was a genuine triumph. The artless and nonchalant manner with which she wielded the bâton of the *chef d'orchestre* was barely awarded its due when an enthusiastic treble encore was demanded.

Upon the withdrawal of *Le Petit Duc*, Miss Chambers was engaged by Alexander Henderson, Esq., to play Serpolette in *Les Cloches de Corneville*, at the Globe Theatre, where she at once delighted and fascinated her audience by a naïve yet artistic performance. London theatre-goers will regret to hear that this talented young lady leaves town this Christmas for the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, but like the faithful little Hiredelle—

Elle reviendra avec le printemps.

In justice to Miss Chambers we must state that her success on the stage is entirely due to hard study and perseverance.

## "THEY'RE OFF THE ROAD."

THE scene here depicted by our artist is one with which most Christmas travellers must have been familiar in the good old coaching days. Mr. Birch-Reynardson, we will warrant, could tell of many such an adventure, and, indeed, we remember a spirited illustration of a somewhat similar scene in his entertaining volume, "Down the Road." Fortunately the Christmas traveller has seldom to fear such experiences in his journey homewards in the present year of grace, though he has heard of such things as trains blocked in the snow.

## THE DOG SHOW AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THIS show, as we have already said, kept fairly up to the standard of its preceding displays. The number of prize winners was three hundred, the general result gave general satisfaction with one or two trifling exceptions, and the Kennel Club may justly be congratulated. We append a list of the dogs represented by our artist:—Mr. A. W. Dalziel's Dalmatian, Spotted Dick; Mr. Leger G. Morrell's bloodhound, Rollo; Mr. G. Pilkington's large pointer, Faust; Mr. R. L. Purcell Llewellyn's, M.A., setter, Count Windem; Mr. J. Fletcher's Italian greyhound, Wee Flower; Mr. F. Gresham's St. Bernard, The Shah; Mr. W. J. Tredinnick's bull terrier, Champion Young Puss.

## DINNER TO BATTERY No. 2, ROYAL ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS, AT THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT.

WE have already acknowledged the public spirit and energetic thoroughness with which our Royal Artillery Naval Volunteers perform their self-imposed duties. And we thought it would serve to elicit a mark of recognition by the general public if we responded to several suggestions by telling off one of our artistic staff for making a few sketches on the occasion of the recent dinner given by this fine body of men to Battery No. 2. Our artist's drawings represent the dinner, and in the upper right-hand corner a characteristic bit of fun by a member of No. 1 Battery, Sub-Lieutenant Browney, below which are a group in which figure Mr. Hoare, the paymaster, Sub-Lieutenant Player (No. 2 Battery), Lord Ashly, lieutenant-commanding, Captain Bell (H.M.S. Llanery), and others.

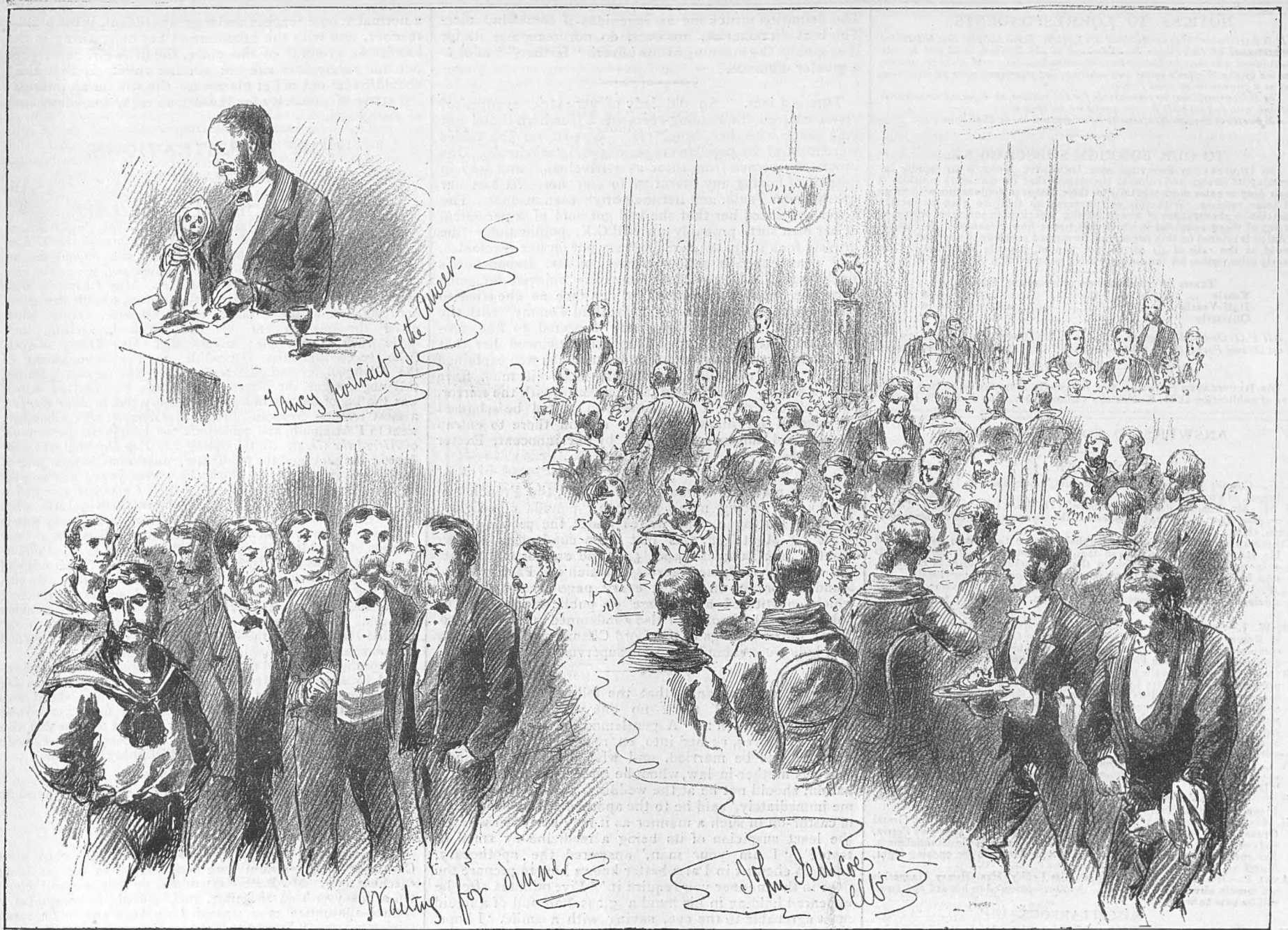
## DEATH OF MR. W. H. PAYNE.

THIS veteran pantomimist is no more. Compelled by illness to relinquish an engagement for the pantomime at Covent Theatre, he languished until the evening of Wednesday week, when he expired in the arms of his son, Mr. Harry Payne. Mr. W. H. Payne, who was born in the City of London in the year 1806, commenced his professional career when eighteen years of age as a member of a travelling company in Warwickshire. In 1825 he made his first London appearance at an East-end theatre, from which he went to the Pavilion Theatre in Whitechapel, where he made his first effort as clown. In the Christmas pantomime of 1831, at Covent Garden Theatre, he made his first great hit, and from that time forward continued to hold the position which made his name famous as a clever pantomimist. We are told that he had played in pantomime with both the Grimaldis, in tragedy with Charles Young, Charles Kemble, James Wallack, and Edmund Kean, and danced in ballet with Pauline Leroux, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and the Flsers. His remains were interred on Saturday last in Highgate Cemetery.

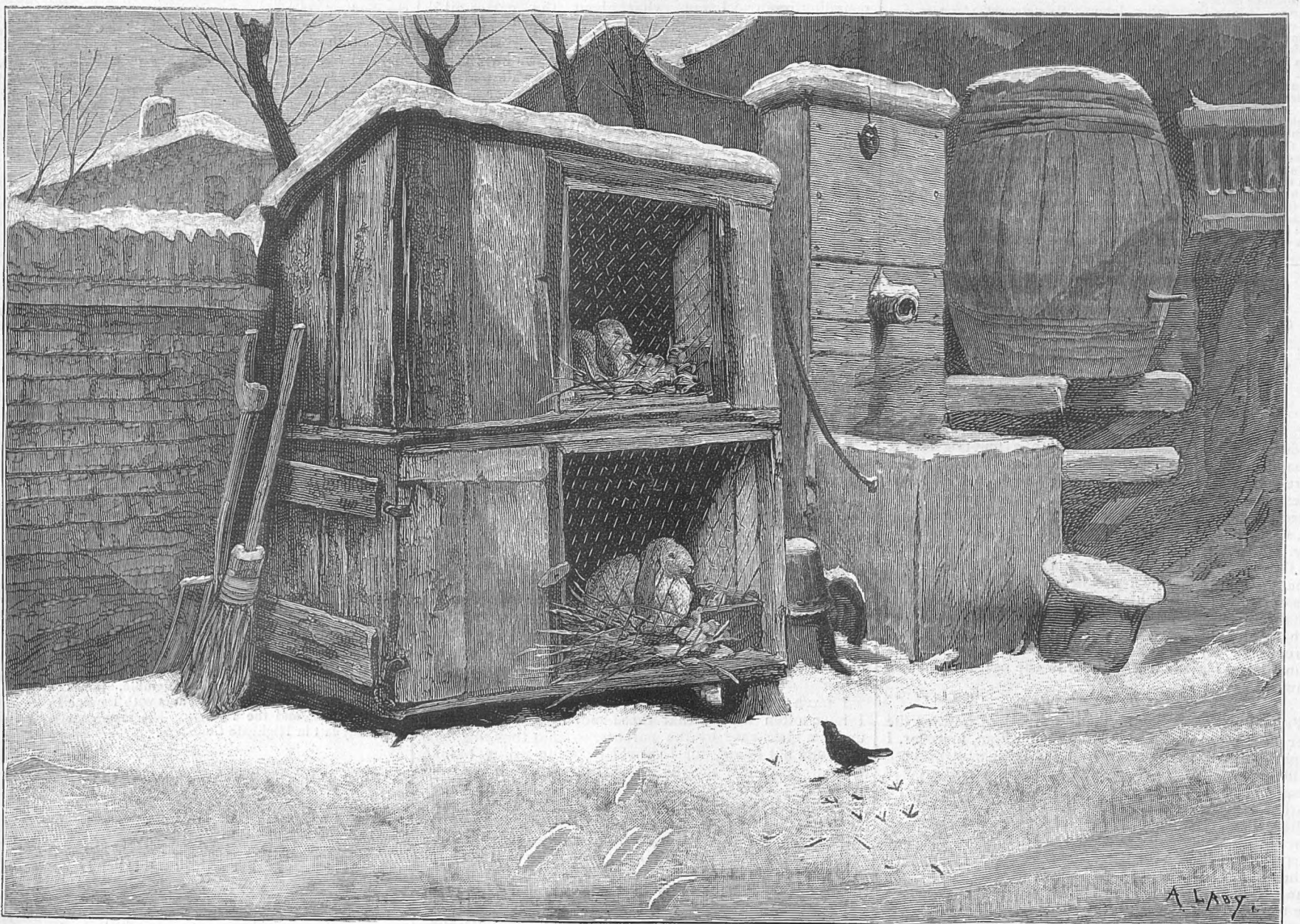
A FEW nights ago, at the Olympic Theatre, when Miss Helen Barry was unable to appear in her rôle of the Countess, it was taken at a moment's notice by Miss Williams, a member of the company, who played it with so much spirit and *entrain* that the lady was summoned before the curtain to receive the congratulations of the public.

In a letter, dated the 20th inst., we have received from Mr. Sims Reeves, he says that the accident he met with on the stage at Covent Garden Theatre "was caused by treading upon some gum or other sticky substance, and in pulling his foot forcibly away caused a very severe sprain, which has kept him a prisoner ever since." We sincerely hope Mr. Reeves will soon quite recover.





DINNER GIVEN TO BATTERY No. 2, BY THE ROYAL NAVAL ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS, AT THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT.



FEASTING AND FASTING.—A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.



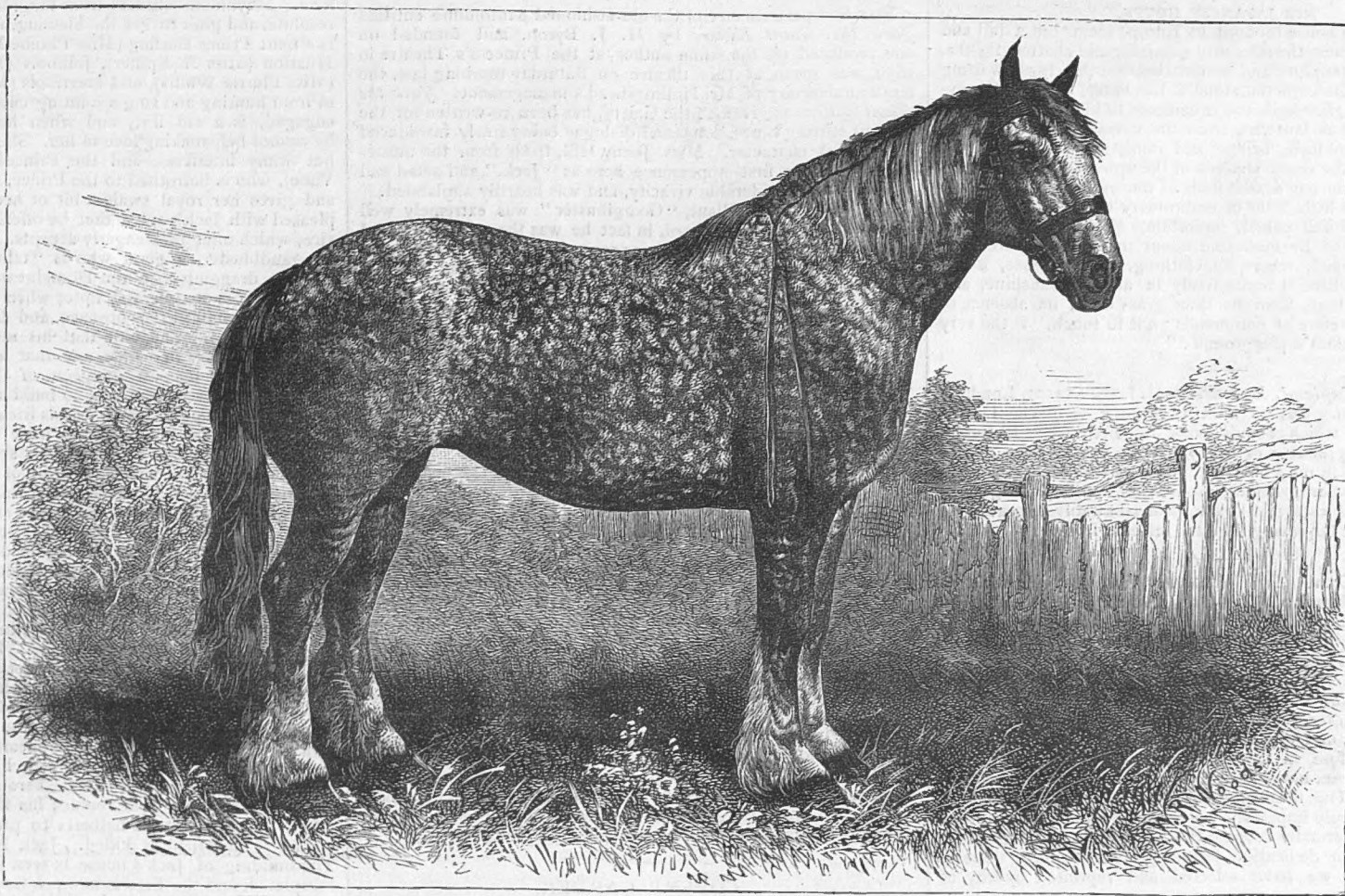
## MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS.

ENOCH AND SONS, 18, Holles-street, W.—“Pilot Joe,” price 4s., barytone song, words by J. P. Douglas, music by L. Diehl. The verses are above the average, and breathe a manly spirit. The melody, commencing in G minor, and undulating into the relative major, is vigorous and effective, and the accompaniment to the “simplified” edition is facile yet characteristic.—“Till Then,” price 4s., song, written by F. E. Weatherly, composed

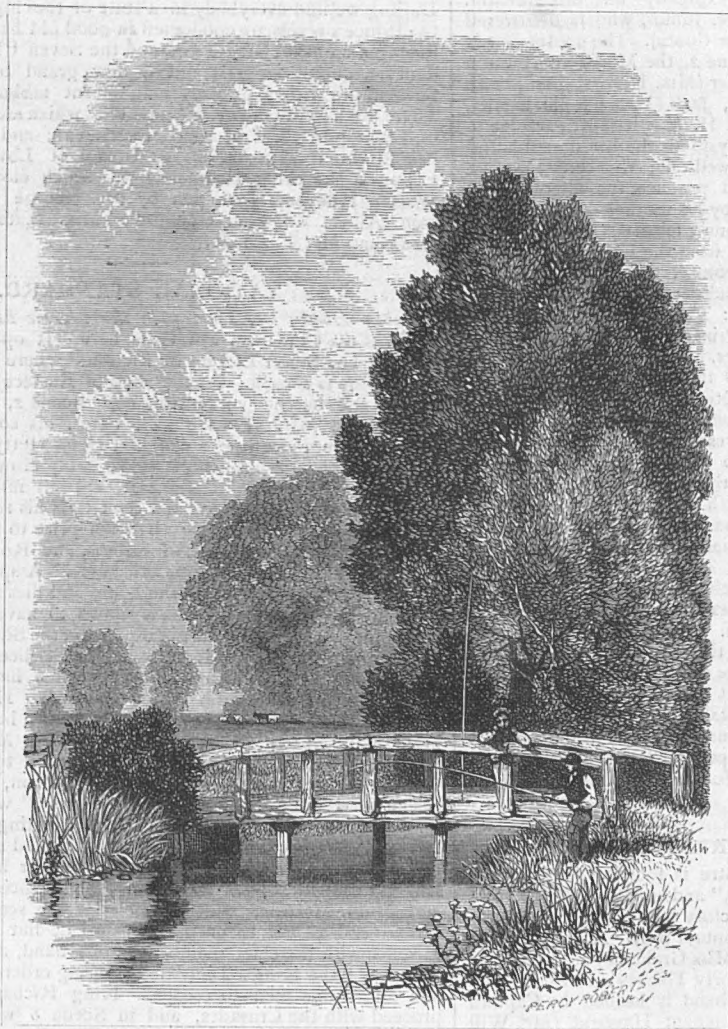
by C. Pinsuti. The first four lines of this song are hardly intelligible, the rest are of average quality. Signor Pinsuti has been less happy than usual in his musical setting, and the three semi-quavers in the second bar of the vocal melody should be changed so as to secure correct accentuation.—“The Electric Galop,” price 3s., is a capital specimen of Mr. Fred Godfrey’s skill in writing dance music.—“Mendelssohn’s celebrated Canzonetta from the quartet in E flat, op. 12, arranged for the pianoforte by Sir Julius Benedict,” price 3s., is an admirable instance of what “transcriptions” and “arrangements” should be; the original effects being preserved without extraneous matter.—“Fête Bachique,” price 3s., by C. Neustedt, is an effective yet easy

“*morceau caractéristique*” for the piano.—“Noblesse,” price 3s., by M. Wellings, is a pianoforte caprice of no great pretensions, but suitable for teaching purposes.—“Chanson Montagnarde,” price 3s., is No. 2 of six original pieces for piano and violin, composed by L. Diehl. It is in 6-8 time, key D minor, with an episode in the relative major, and contains two effective and strongly contrasted melodies, with a simple pianoforte accompaniment, and presents no difficulties to moderately advanced amateurs.

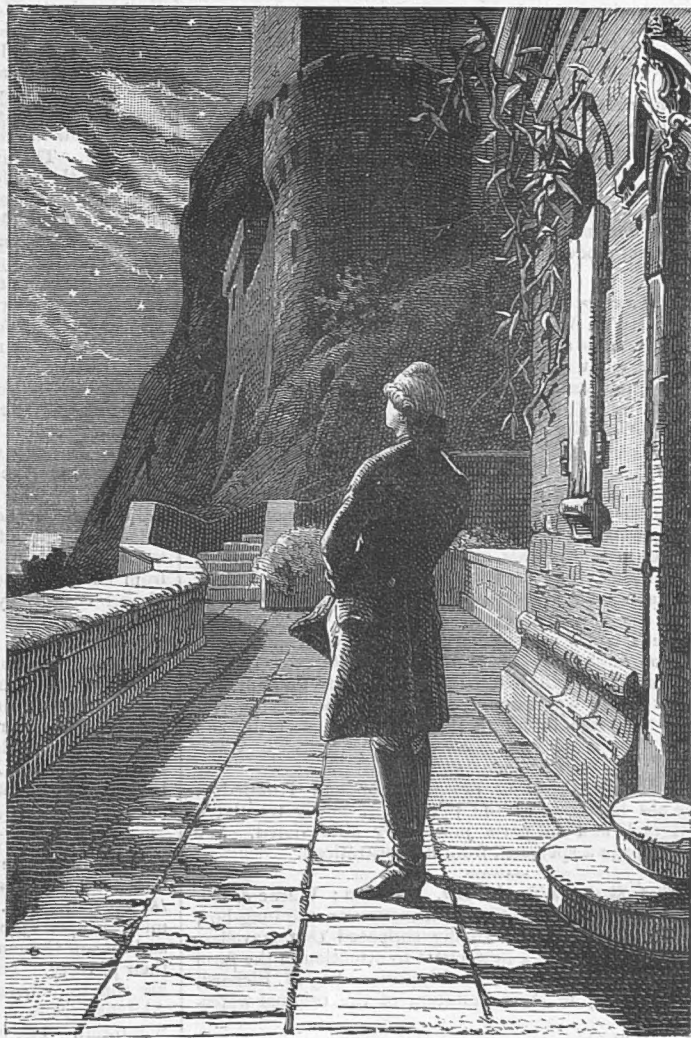
J. BATH, 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.—“The Soldier’s Return March,” price 3s., composed by J. E. Newell, is a spirited composition, above the average in quality.—“Celestial Trumpets,” price 3s., is a march by Dr. A. S. Holloway for pianoforte



Earl Spencer’s Dapple Grey Mare, “Regina.”—“Live Stock Journal Almanack for 1879.”



A Channel of the Thames, near Abingdon.—“Pleasant Spots around Oxford.”



“The Moon was Up and at the Full.”—“Guy Mannering.”

and organ or harmonium. It is well written and characteristic, but the leading theme is too evidently constructed on the model of the Coronation March in *Le Prophète*.—“Bath’s Musical Museum for the Harmonium, Book 6, selected and arranged by Dr. Spark,” contains no less than 20 pieces, chiefly selected from the greatest composers, and well engraved on good paper. A cheaper shilling’s-worth it would be difficult to find.—“Bath’s Shilling Album of Easy Dance Music” contains quadrille, polka, galop, waltz, and two schottisches composed by G. J. Rubini. The dance tunes are cleverly written, and the volume is handsomely got up.—“The Cloud and the Flower,” price 4s., song written by Robert Reece, composed by B. Tours. The common-place

quality of these rhymed platitudes may be the cause of the want of musical inspiration remarkable in Mr. Tours’s music, which is quite unworthy of his reputation.—“He was a Careless Man,” “Yo, heave ho, to sea we’ll go!” and “The gay Photographer,” are three songs composed by G. Grossmith, jun., by whom the words of the first and last named are written. Mr. Grossmith, jun., has gained great and well deserved popularity as the singer of comic songs, which are diverting, and, at the same time, devoid of vulgarity. As a writer and composer of comic songs he bids fair to make his mark. The three songs above-named have been often sung in public by the composer, and are always received with hearty

laughter and applause. They will be as acceptable in private circles as in public,—which can be said of but few of our modern comic songs.

HOWARD AND CO., 28, Great Marlborough-street, W.—“The Capstan Polka,” price 3s., by W. Jarrett Roberts. This is the best polka we have seen for a long time past. The melodies are sparkling and varied, and can hardly fail to prove inspiring in the ball room.—“The Capstan Polka” deserves a wide popularity.—“The Capstan Quick March, for Brass Band,” is a clever adaptation of the “Capstan Polka,” and is published, with separate parts for full military band, at 2s. (!)



## CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS.

*Child-Life in Japan, and Japanese Child-Stories.* By M. CHAPLIN AYRTON. With many illustrations by Japanese Artists. London: Griffith and Farran.—This is a genuine novelty in the way of children's books, but one for which the now popular Japanese dolls and balls and such odd nic-nacs in the way of quivering spiders, lacquered trays, and toy cabinets, etc., etc., have duly paved the way. Its specimens of Japanese art are full of quaint humour, and interesting as illustrations of Japanese life, and its subject matters gives us new ideas of domestic customs in a country of which we have yet much to learn and appreciate. We have selected for the present number one of the most curious engravings, illustrative of snowballing in Japan, to which we add the following extract descriptive of

## THE JAPANESE HOUSE.

"The Japanese house brought to Europe seems but a dull and listless affair. We miss the idle, easy-going life and chatter, the tea, the sweetmeats, the pipes and charcoal brazier, the clogs awaiting their wearers on the large flat stone at the entry, the grotesquely-trained ferns, the glass balls and ornaments tinkling in the breeze that hang, as well as lanterns, from the eaves, the garden with tiny pond and goldfish, bridge and miniature hill, the bright sunshine beyond the sharp shadow of the upward curving angles of the tiled roof, the gay scarlet folds of the women's under-dress peeping out, their little litter of embroidery or mending, and the babies, brown and half naked, scrambling about so happily; for what has a baby to be miserable about in a land where it is scarcely ever slapped, where its clothing, always loose, is yet warm in winter, where it basks freely in air and sunshine, and lives in a house that, from its thick grass mats, its absence of furniture, and therefore of commands 'not to touch,' is the very beau-ideal of an infant's playground?"

*The Danes in England.* By ALFRED H. ENGELBACH. London: F. Warne and Co. This is a little volume of "The Daring Deeds Library," which blends with no little force historical facts with not improbable or extravagant fiction, to form one of those books in which most boys will find both delight and instruction. The illustrations, although somewhat wanting in vigour of expression, are all carefully drawn and admirably engraved, as will be seen in the engraving we have selected from it.

*MacLeod of Dare.* By WILLIAM BLACK. Illustrated. London: Macmillan and Co.—Mr. Black's fictions stand out from the crowd of novels with a distinctness and freshness which must be very delightful to the regular readers of such works, in which of late years there have been degrees of sameness rendering them quite wearisome and monotonous. Amongst them this, his latest, will certainly not take the meanest place. The charmingly simple and graceful style of the author, his singular gift of descriptive power, and the originality of incident and treatment, all come to the fore in these pages, and the story, from the opening to the close, never halts or flags for want of either interest or variety. The illustrations are by artists of the highest rank; and so deeply impressed with their value has the author been that he has formally devoted the book to their designers in a gracefully-written dedication full of grateful feeling. One of these illustrations we have selected and reprinted by way of example.

*The Poetical Works of Henry Wordsworth Longfellow.* (Reprinted from the revised American edition, including *Keramas* and recent poems). London: Frederick Warne and Co. Clearly and prettily printed, and carefully read for press, with admirable high-class illustrations, this forms a very attractive volume, and as an inexpensive gift-book is sure to be popular and in large request.

*Drawing-room Amusements.* By Professor Hoffman. London: George Routledge and Sons. We have here all kinds of merry games and forms of amusement in keeping with the mirthful spirit of a Christmas party, and to all such and similar parties we cordially commend it. From its brilliant cover of rich scarlet, black, and gold, to the last of its mirthful pages there is nothing but suggestions and instructions for securing a constant succession of surprises, novel mode of amusement, and hearty laughter.

*The Magic Lantern Manual.* By W. J. CHADWICK (Illustrated). London: F. Warne & Co.—At a season when magic-lantern entertainments are so largely in request for children's parties, this little manual, which is very practical and complete, will find many purchasers.

*The Licensed Victuallers' Tea Association Diary* is a very useful little book.

*Pleasant Spots Around Oxford.* By ALFRED RIMMER. Illustrated. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.—The pleasant, chatty way in which Mr. Rimmer deals with his subject-matter in this showily-bound volume, with its wealth of beautiful engravings, its large clear type, and thick glossy paper, cannot fail to find appreciative readers. We have selected from its illustrations, as a specimen, the view of a channel of the Thames near Abingdon, which will be familiar to most London anglers as one of their favourite resorts. In the volume itself they will find many such, and to them and to our readers at large we warmly recommend the volume as a delightful one for presentation to people of refined taste and artistic culture.

*The Swiss Family Robinson Crusoe.* London: Routledge.—This is the old favourite of the play-room, newly translated from the original, and in parts judiciously abbreviated. We give on another page a specimen from its illustrations.

*Adventures of Baron Münchhausen.* London: Warne & Co.—This always amusing and welcome old satire on the long-bow drawings in which it is proverbially supposed that travellers habitually indulge, advances a new claim to attention in the form of eighteen large illustrations, admirably designed by M. Bichard, and printed in colours, in close imitation of the original water-colour drawings.

*Dogs of Assize.* A Legal Sketch-book in Black and White. Containing six drawings by Walter J. Allen, arranged by H. W. Cutts. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.—This is a very clever series of sketches, of which the one we have selected is a good specimen. Mr. Allen shows a keen appreciation of the humours of dogs.

*The Dramatic List: A Record of the Principal Performances of Living Actors and Actresses.* Compiled and edited by CHARLES EYRE PASCOE.—This useful volume should be in the hands of all members of "the profession" and every studious playgoer, for it is an admirable chronicle of all the most interesting facts connected with the histrionic calling in the persons of its

existing members. The compilation has been produced with an amount of conscientious care and completeness which must have involved the outlay of a seemingly endless amount of care and trouble, and we trust the success of the work as a commercial speculation may show that the labour has been fittingly appreciated and encouragingly rewarded.

(Continued on page 370.)

## THE DRAMA.

## THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

## GAIETY THEATRE.

THE first performance of the old-fashioned pantomime entitled *Jack the Giant Killer*, by H. J. Byron, and founded on one produced by the same author at the Princess's Theatre in 1859, was given at this theatre on Saturday morning last, the tenth anniversary of Mr. Hollingshead's management. *Jack the Giant Killer*, as given at the Gaiety, has been re-written for the present stirring times, songs and dialogue being freely introduced of a topical character. Miss Jenny Hill, fresh from the music-halls, made her first appearance here as "Jack," and acted and danced with considerable vivacity, and was heartily applauded.

The part of the Giant, "Georgibuster" was extremely well played by Mr. H. M. Clifford, in fact he was the most active and well-behaved stage giant we have seen; his make-up (on a large scale) was a wonderful portrait of the present popular premier. We may mention that the dragging about the stage of the decapitated giant by Jack was somewhat repulsive, and apt to frighten the young folks, for whom, we presume, the pantomime is principally intended. The opening is comprised in eight scenes, the fourth "The Glow-worm's Dell," being most worthy of mention, in which a grand ballet is introduced with very good effect, concluding with a new "Flying Dance" by Mdle Aeneas, assisted by Mr. W. Warde, which was enthusiastically encored. Miss Wadman, as Sybil, looked very charming, and sang with much taste, especially in the duet with Jack, which was redemanded.

A *pas de deux*, by the Misses Rose and Violet Newham, was well executed, and obtained for them a recall.

On Mr. Elton rested the principal work, who, as Tremoloso, the Giant's boy in buttons, acted, sang, and danced with untiring energy: his topical song, "More or Less," on the various "giants" of the day; such as the Eastern Question, the Income Tax, &c., was encored five or six times. Mr. Squire as King Arthur, Mr. Hector as the Cook, and Master Moore as the Cat, worked well to keep the fun going. The transformation scene described as the Golden Gates of Progress, deserves the highest praise. The harlequinade was supported by Mr. W. Warde, Mr. Hector, Miss C. Gilchrist and Miss L. Wilson, Mr. Bishop and Mr. W. Orkins as harlequin, policeman, columbine, pantaloons, and clown. During the harlequinade, Lieut. Cole appeared and introduced his celebrated speaking figures, and the surprising manner in which he ventriloquised was heartily appreciated by a large audience. The costumes by Madame Alias are extremely rich, and in good taste, and Mr. Soutar is to be congratulated upon the manner in which the pantomime is produced.

## COVENT GARDEN.

THE pantomime provided by Messrs. Gatti is entitled *Jack and the Beanstalk*; or, *Harlequin and the Seven Champions, as We've Christened 'Em*. Mr. Frank W. Green, who is probably as good a pantomime-writer as any of the present day, is the author, and the pantomime has been written expressly for this theatre. Scene 1 is the Home of Father Time, Junior, who is discovered waited on by Quicksilver (Miss Lizzie Coote). The pantomime is named here, and we go on to Scene 2, the Model Dairy Farm of the Widow Simpson, Jack's mother (Mrs. Herbert Campbell). The widow is very poor, and her son, Jack (Miss Fannie Leslie), backed by the page, Thomas (Mr. G. H. Macdermott), resolve to sell the cow to raise funds. This they do for the traditional halfpenny of beans. The nursery story is followed out; the beans, thrown away by the widow, take root and produce the famous stalk which Jack climbs. He is followed by his mother, her page, and his dog, Punch (Master Lauri). Scene 3 takes us to Fairyland, where Jack secures a magic sword from the Fairy Queen (Miss Kate Paradise). Fairyland is, of course, the ballet scene, and we may mention that Mesdames Limido and Sidonie are engaged as leading dancers. On to Scene 4: The Gates of the Giant's Castle, from which Jack rescues Princess Pansie (Miss Clara Jecks), and after numerous adventures, in which the principals are busy, Quicksilver directs the party to the palace of King Pippin (Mr. E. J. George), where a grand fête is held in Jack's honour. Scene 6: On the Road to the Beanstalk. We meet the Seven Champions, all in love with the Princess. The King promises her hand to the one who shall slay the Giant. Quicksilver gives Jack a magic Axe with which to cut the Beanstalk, and Scene 7 shows us its fall. The Giant falls with the Beanstalk, and in his fall crushes the houses of the villagers. Everyone is so pleased at the death of the monster that such trifling incidents as the crushing of their houses does not prevent them from entering upon a general rejoicing. This scene, which is played entirely by children, introduces some novel effects which have never been before attempted. Scene 8, The Throne Room of King Pippin, shows us the union of Jack and the Princess, and Thomas is united to the blushing dame. Virtue is victorious and vice vanquished. Next in order comes the grand Transformation or the Fairy Beanstalk, which is on a scale of unusual splendour. In the harlequinade we find the names of Harry Payne as clown, Misses Phillips and King, as columbine and harlequina, Messrs. George Vokes and Tully Lewis as harlequin and pantaloons.

## ROYAL PARK.

The pantomime at the above theatre is founded on the well-known story in the "Arabian Nights," and entitled *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. After an introductory fairy-scene the pantomime proper commences at the mountain pass. Here Ali Baba and his son Ganem (Mr. Archer and Miss Grahame) are bewailing their poverty. The arrival of the Forty Thieves causes Ali and his son to conceal themselves, the band is headed by Captain Abdallah (Miss A. Pelham) and Lieutenant Hassarac (Mr. Will Sampson). The mystic "Open Sesame" is spoken, and Ali discovers the secret of the cave. Both he and his son return home laden with treasure. Cassim Baba extracts the secret from Ali and departs to rob the cave, but he is waylaid by the robbers, who discover they have been cheated. They entice him to the cave (Scene 4) and deceive him with false words. He being unable to escape, falls a victim to his greed. There will be a ballet of an elaborate character in this scene. The story is almost a faithful reproduction of the original. Morgiana (Miss Kate Neville) kills the robbers in the oil jars, and afterwards saves her master by killing the captain in a hand-to-hand combat. This closes the story, which is illustrated by eight scenes, five being set scenes of a superior class. The transformation is called "The Home of the Lilies, and Mystic Genii of the Cave," and the harlequinade is entrusted to the Artelli troupe.

## SURREY.

THE Pantomime, written by Joseph Mackay expressly for the Surrey, is entitled *The House that Jack Built*; or, *Harlequin Dame Trot, and the little Old Woman that lived in a Shoe*. In Scene 1, "The Haunt of the Hags," the pantomime is named. We go quickly to Scene 2, "The Homestead of Jack's Parents." Old Homebrew (Mr. Watty Bruntom) his father, and Dame Oatmeal his mother, have a little discussion as to whether or not Jack shall be allowed to marry Maybloom (Miss Katie King), their adopted daughter. The old lady says he *shall*—there's an end of it. Jack begs of his faithful follower Limejuice (Mr. Arthur Williams) to protect him from the wearisome attentions of Glycerina (Mr. Harry Taylor), Dame Trot's only daughter, who worries the hero with her amorous devotion. When Jack is left alone with Maybloom he confides to her his ambition to go out into the world, make a fortune, and build a house for his lady-love. Maybloom shrinks from the idea of loving him, but he is resolute, and goes to get the blessing of the old folks. While he is absent Prince Darling (Miss Phoebe Don), and her companions Hilarion (Miss A. Spiller), Jolibois (Miss E. Spiller), Laffinlad (Miss Florrie Wallis), and Merribois (Miss Clara Nicholls) come in from hunting and sing a hunting chorus. The Prince, though engaged, is a sad flirt, and when he sees the village beauty he cannot help making love to her. She calls up Jack, who mildly but firmly interferes, and the Princess Rosebud (Miss Nelly Vane), who is betrothed to the Prince, also comes upon the scene and gives her royal swain a bit of her mind. The Prince is so pleased with Jack's spirit that he offers to take him into his service, which offer Jack eagerly accepts. Scene 3 is a forest glade. Roarandbluster, a giant who is "taller than the forest trees," appears, dragging with him Homebrew and the spoils of the village. Jack is considerably upset when he finds out what havoc has been wrought in his absence, and Dame Trot rejoices in his distress, and informs him that his mother will be condemned henceforth to live in a shoe, and that his father will remain immersed in the deepest dungeon of the Giant's Castle Moat. Jack vows to rescue him and to build a new home for his family. Fairy Geniality promises to be his friend. Scene 4: In which is discovered Dame Oatmeal, the little old woman living in the Giant's shoe, with so many children she does not know what to do. Jack, who has drilled an army of his brothers to sally forth and make war upon Roarandbluster, holds a grand review of his troops in the presence of the Prince and Princess, bids adieu to peace, and marches to the fray. Scene 5 is the Hall of the Prince's Palace. Prince Darling is determined to give gallant Jack a farewell banquet in royal fashion. Glycerina and Limejuice take a lively interest in the preparation made for their benefit by the royal cooks, and Jack goes on his perilous enterprise in high spirits. Scene 6: Ballet scene, in which the Fairy Geniality presents Jack with the magic sword. Scene 7: We come upon the Gates of the Giant Roarandbluster's Castle. The two drowsy sentinels are keeping watch. They think it is high time to go to bed, and proceed to do so, carefully bolting the gates after them. Jack reconnoitres before entering the castle; he knocks and rings. Crustiface (Mr. Crumb) appears and warns him off, but Jack tickles him under the ribs with his sword, when he quickly subsides. A dragon next bars the hero's path, but falls a victim to the magic blade. Jack rescues his father, and summons his Black Watch with their halberds to proceed and kill Roarandbluster. The Giant is killed. Jack is victorious. Scene 8.—The building of Jack's house is seen going on busily until it is completed, and the hero is in a position to regard himself in the light of a man of substance, carrying out the old nursery legend about the malt, &c., faithfully. Scene 9 is the Parlour of Jack's House.—The Prince is turning his thoughts towards matrimony, and determines that Jack and his friends shall be present at his marriage revels. Scene 10.—In the Ancestral Palace of Prince Darling we find everybody in a state of the highest felicity, and the Prince's revels are conducted in good old English style, introducing mummies, St. George and the Seven Champions, morris dancers, choral singers, and a new grand ballet of nations, terminating with a princely magnificent tableau. Scene 11.—There are a few honeymoon squabbles, which are nothing to speak of, and a good deal of hearty merriment; and in Scene 12 we behold the transformation, A Dream of Love in Fairyland! Followed by the harlequinade, in which clown is played by Wattie Hildyard, harlequin by Mr. George Canning, pantaloons Albert de Voy, columbine Miss Kate Hamilton, and policeman Mr. F. Hinde.

## NATIONAL STANDARD.

*Robin Hood*; or, *Harlequin the Merrie Men of Sherwood Forest* is the Christmas attraction here. It opens with a scene called "The Select Library of Fiction," where the subject of the pantomime is chosen. At the shop of Eustace de Smith, High Sheriff and butcher of Nottingham, Scene 2, the story begins. The Sheriff (Mr. W. Clarence), Peter, his son (Mr. Barnum), Maid Marian, the Sheriff's daughter (Miss Hetty Tracey), Robin, the head man at the butcher's (Miss Milly Howes), and Sir Guy of Gisbourne, a Knight Templar, are all introduced. Robin loves his master's daughter, and Sir Guy is his rival. The Sheriff proposes an archery meeting, the chief prize to be his daughter's hand. Sir Guy is confident of success, and Robin is crestfallen. The good Fairy comes to his assistance. A spell is to be cast over Sir Guy. Robin leaves the house and flies to the forest. By a novel contrivance six months is shown to have elapsed, and we come to Scene 3, "The Market Square on the Sheriff's Fête Day." John Little (Mr. Walter Laburnam), the policeman of Nottingham, keeps the populace in order, while he in turn is kept in order by his wife (Miss Annie Goward). Everyone is there for the shooting-match, which Robin wins, but is refused the prize by the Sheriff. Robin thereupon seizes Maid Marian, and assisted by his band of outlaws bears her off to the forest. Sir Guy and Peter are ordered to follow them, which they do. Scene 4 is "the Entrance to the Forest," where Little John joins the outlaws. Scene 5 is "the Trysting Tree" in the forest. A huge tree overshadows the stage and affords shelter for the outlaws; here the Sheriff, who is out for a pic-nic, is waylaid and robbed. Then follows a grand dance of Merrie Men and Maid Marians, which concludes the scene. In Scene 6 Robin endeavours to entrap Richard I., but is himself taken prisoner with the chief members of his band, and transferred to Scene 7, "the King's Tent." The King orders Robin's release, and allows his men to escape. King Richard determines to proceed with the Crusades, and in Scene 8 we are promised a very imposing spectacle, entitled "The Conquest of Cyprus." The elaborate and costly pageant terminates with an entirely original and unparalleled combination of colour and effect, representing the marriage of Richard I. and Queen Berengaria. Scenes 9 and 10 lead up to the grand transformation scene, "The Hanging Bowers of Fairyland." In the harlequinade Mr. Decona is clown, Mr. Montague harlequin, Mr. Pedro pantaloons, Mr. Harry St. Ives policeman, and Miss Bertie columbine.

## MARYLEBONE.

*Jack the Giant Killer*; or, *Harlequin Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, and the Good Little Fairy and Her Three Magic Gifts*, by Mr. Frank Hall, is the Christmaspiece at Mr. Cave's theatre. We are taken back to the days of good King Arthur (Mr. Henry



Evans), who has a daughter Valentina (Miss Lizzie Howe), beloved by a courtier, Count Palomine (Miss Jessie Garratt). Jack, the hero (Miss Laura Sedgwick) loves a little lass, by name Mary (Miss Laura Marsden), the daughter of Goodman Gonewrong (Mr. John Avondale). Mary is also loved by the Giant Cormoranto (Mr. C. Beverley). The Demon Bybi (Mr. J. Brooks), in order to befriend the Giant and ruin Jack, resolves that Mary shall marry the monster. The protecting fairy is equally firmly resolved that Mary shall wed Jack. So between the good and evil agencies the story is briskly carried on. The Good Fairy (Miss Adah Garratt) takes Jack to her fairy home, and here we have the presentation of the gifts—a sword of sharpness, a cloak of invisibility, and a cap of knowledge. Provided with the last-named article, Jack soon discovers the whereabouts of the Giant's Castle. The Giant, in the meanwhile, has carried off Mary and an individual named Twitters (Mr. C. Fox), Mary's brother, and holds them prisoners with the Princess, for whose rescue the King promises half his kingdom. Jack soon gives the monster his quietus by digging a pitfall, into which Cormoranto falls. The sword of sharpness is called into requisition, the Giant decapitated, and his head borne in triumph to the King, who carries out his promise. Jack marries his rustic maiden, and all ends happily. In the harlequinade we have Mr. Carena as harlequin, Mdle. Algar columbine, Mr. De Grun as pantaloone, and the Great Little Bolton as clown.

THE BRITANNIA.

The pantomime here is entitled, *The Magic Mule; or, the Ass's Skin and the Princess to Win*, and the following is the argument:—Once upon a time there was a king and queen called Matapha and Tromboline. The king was good, the queen was very good. One day the king, mounted on a charger, was riding. He saw a man coming towards him; a little old man, riding also, but upon a very decrepid mule; the mule fell down from fatigue. The good king descended, and helped the old man on to his charger. Then the old man pronounced these mysterious words, "I accept your horse, and leave you my mule. BRUSH HIM WELL! That is all I have to say." The king went into the palace, fondled the animal, and, to his astonishment, discovered that at every sign of affection from the mule's skin burst showers of gold pieces with the effigy of the king upon each. This explained the meaning of the old man's words, BRUSH HIM WELL, and for 150 years the mule was caressed and fondled. The story opens with the brilliant career of the auriferous quadruped, and throughout the ten scenes a great deal of fun is got out of the subject. We have not space to give the plot in detail. Mrs. Lane and Mr. Fred Foster have each a prominent part, and ably seconded by the company.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

Dick Whittington forms the subject of the annual at the Palace on Muswell Hill. In Scene 1 we are shown Honeycomb Hill, where the bees are building their hives and storing their honey. The Queen Bee delays the retiring of her subjects, so that they may greet the Fairy Queens Viceroy and her protégé. Dick Whittington (Miss Lilian Cavalier), who is about to be sent to the Court of Cabul. Representatives of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are summoned from emblematic flowers to support Dick on his errand. Scene 2 is Fitzwarren's kitchen. Alice (Miss Susie Vaughan) and Dick appear, and at the instigation of the Idle 'Prentice Fitzwarren discharges Dick. Scene 3 is the Demons' Cavern, where the Idle 'Prentice applies for aid to crush Dick. The Demon (Mr. Gresham) promises to aid him in his foul designs. Scene 4 takes us to the "Home of the Fairy Future," in which a ballet takes place, Mdle. Luna being principal danseuse. Scene 5 is "Highgate-hill," where Dick hears voices in the bells prophesying his future greatness. Captain Rosynozze (Mr. E. Rosenthal) enters, accompanied by the 'Prentice, and Jack is pressed to sea. Scene 6 takes us aboard the good ship Adventure, where the sailor's favourite Monkey (Pongo redivivus) and Dick's Cat (Mr. Dalp Roosela), which has accompanied him to sea, have amusing business. A storm arises, and the ship sinks bodily with all hands, the last glimpse we get showing Dick, with his Cat, clinging to a mast in the open sea. In Scene 7 we are again at "Fitzwarren's House," where Alice is objecting strongly to be forced into a marriage with a wealthy old Alderman. Scene 8 is "The Court of the King of Cabul." Dick is brought before the King, having saved himself and his Cat by swimming ashore. Dick soon earns the King's gratitude and rewards through the energy of his feline friend. Scenes 9 and 10 show Dick back in England rich with presents, the wicked members of the cast are duly punished, and all ends with the grand Transformation Scene, entitled "A Christmas Card."

AQUARIUM THEATRE.

*Harlequin Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp; or, the Flying Palace and Big Ben of Westminster*, is the title of the pantomime at this theatre. It is written by the Brothers Grimm, but is not in any way remarkable either from a literary or dramatic point of view. It has the advantage of being played by popular and experienced artists, and every opportunity for fun is seized by them. To these ladies and gentlemen is due the favourable if not extremely cordial reception awarded the work. The result of the first evening performance was a success. In addition to the excellence of the performers, the scenery was good if not gorgeous, and the music light and catching, and therefore the managers of those departments must be awarded their meed of praise. The first scene is the Retreat of Big Ben who is discovered. Aquaria enters in search of Amusement, and after a consultation with fairies, Aladdin is selected as the most fitting subject out of which to obtain the desired object. The pantomime fairly starts in a street in China, where we find Aladdin (played with great dash and spirit by Miss Kate Phillips) standing the abuse of his mother (Mrs. James Farren). The Magician, Abanazar (Mr. Charles Collette), and his dumb slave, Kasrac (Mr. Paul Martinetti), here enter, and some very good business is gone through. The singing of a parody on the quartette from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, "The Old Clock," was loudly applauded, and a duet and dance by the widow and the magician gave general satisfaction. Aladdin leaves with Abanazar, and we are transported to the magic cavern, where we are treated to a most delightful dance by a graceful *corps de ballet* splendidly dressed; the principals were Mdles. Bartoletto, Violette, and Percival. Aladdin seeks his mother's roof bearing home the magic lamp, and astonishes the old lady by its wondrous powers. In the Flying Palace Mr. Martinetti had a very good drunken dance. Abanazar, disguised as a Jew, gets possession of the lamp, and at once orders the removal of the palace to Africa, and the scene closes as the palace is rising in the air. Aladdin in the end defeats the machinations of Abanazar, whom he poisons, regains his Princess and his lamp, and returns to China to make his mother happy. The transformation scene, "Aquaria's Bower," is very pretty. Mrs. Farren's Widow Mustapha is a very good performance, and her catch saying, "Oh! isn't it sad?" never fails to raise a laugh. Mr. Charles Collette's Magician was a very strong impersonation, and he acted with great "go" in a part entirely different to any we ever saw him undertake before, and Mr. Paul Martinetti's pantomime was expressive and funny.

TURFIANA.

WHEN the "Postponements of Bromley and Kingsbury Meetings" form the staple item of news each morning in the sporting journals, it may readily be imagined how thankful these industrious purveyors of racing intelligence would be for even an armistice with King Frost, so that the meetings alluded to above might be brought to a head. Neither of them is likely to improve with keeping, and the longer the present wintry aspect continues, the less chance is there of horses being got ready for their business. Of late years we have mostly been favoured with open weather before Christmas, but now the old régime seems to have been re-established, and we have our share of frost and snow at seasonable periods, instead of these hibernal powers cropping up at all sorts of odd times, and intruding upon the domains of spring and summer. No one, we take it, except the thick-and-thin advocates for a perpetual round of racing, would regret the establishment of a real "close season," say from the end of November to the beginning of March, which would give ample room and verge enough for steeplechasing, especially in such times as the present, when horses with any solid pretensions to be called jumpers are few and far between. The cross-country business, like racing, has been overdone, and such queer tricks have been played by both professionals and amateurs in fogs and otherwise when out of sight of the stand, that we do not wonder at many former patrons holding aloof, and at few novices at the game being forthcoming. Even journals and writers famous for bolstering up shaky undertakings and for setting themselves up as apologists for the "peccadilloes of all Piccadilly," have begun to take courage and to speak out, now that it seems to be safe and "the thing" to join in condemnation of those who formerly could do no wrong. It will take a long time to restore the fallen prestige of steeplechasing, as applied both to horses and their riders, and the abolition of fully one half of the meetings at present recorded in the "Calendar" would hurt neither the feelings nor the pockets of any but the "roughs" and their jackals.

The popularity of welter races in programmes of sport all over the country suggests the query whether the experiment might not be tried of extending the distances over which they have hitherto been decided, so as gradually to get back long races under hunting weights. We think also that something might be done in the way of encouraging larger fields for Queen's Plates if the starters for these events during the season were thereby qualified to compete for some substantial prizes among themselves at the end of the season. This leads up to the old question of our present apparent lack of stayers; but we are not singular in the opinion that half the horses in training are never so much as tried over long distances, their capabilities, or rather incapacities, in this respect being taken too much for granted. It is by no means an exceptional case to hear of animals blossoming into "stickers" which had hitherto been regarded as mere sprinters, and we feel assured that many would develop staying qualities if they only had the chance given them of showing the stuff of which they were made. The great difficulty is to get trainers to look at matters in this light, and boldly to cast down the gauntlet for Queen's Plates and Cups with anything but a well-known and proved good stayer. A horse bearing this character speedily sets up a "scare" among would-be competitors, whereas he is only formidable because novices are afraid to try conclusions with him. As with the human race, so with horses, none of them know what they can do until they try, and they decline to try because they are deterred by the bugbear of opponents occasionally trading on very doubtful reputations for staying. Only let owners decide upon having a cut at some of these so-called "cracks," and they will speedily discover that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and that staying is, in many cases, a hidden qualification, merely because they have never taken the trouble to put it to the test.

We are heartily glad to see the burning question of racing respectability being taken up and discussed, and no more fitting season could be found for organising crusades against the "scum of the racecourse" than at a period when our thoughts are not distracted by the more pressing business of the sport itself. We make no excuse for returning again and again to a subject which can no longer be blinked, save by fervid apologists of racing as it now exists, or by purblind advocates for retaining abuses which they cannot be induced to regard as other than the inevitable adjuncts of the sport. No sooner are the most obvious and necessary reforms suggested than there goes up a great cry from ill-used individuals protesting against "interference with the national pastime," and such high falutin' nonsense, just as if their hobby was of such supreme importance as to justify the shaking of society to its very foundations by doings in connection with it. It is all very well to prate about the "liberty of the subject," but we cannot for the life of us see why, if ruffianism and brute force are inevitable characteristics of the Turf, as these racing optimists would have it, law-abiding people should be compelled to put up with them in order that the "pastime of a great and free people" should not be interfered with. The Jockey Club now appear bound to take some steps to render life and property safe at meetings held under their rules, but it may turn out (and we are inclined to think it will turn out) that in this direction they are not so all-powerful as they seem, and recourse may have to be had to the Legislature for stamping out the contagion which has spread so ominously of late. It is a matter which must be looked in the face, and that at once, for the public are not quite such fools as to rest satisfied with the rose-coloured statements of interested partisans, while both by sight and touch they can realise the gigantic dangers which surround the paths of those who "go racing." Therefore let managers and clerks of courses put their houses in order before higher powers are invoked to take measures against the evils which have crept into the system.

The foal list is always an interesting item of Turf statistics, and by its light we can read how it has fared with the various candidates for stud honours during the past year, and what strains of blood are in the ascendant. A marked feature in it is the mortality which has thinned the ranks of foals in 1878, and it can readily be gleaned what localities have been most grievously afflicted. The dead number altogether 166, a return which may be compared with that of previous years, and if this is taken as an average loss, the magnitude of the disaster can be more fully realized. The two Yorkshire sires, Speculum and Strathconan, are foremost in point of numbers of foals produced, each being credited with thirty, and while the subscription list of the former was announced as closed at Doncaster, the gallant grey has had his fee raised to fifty guineas, and is likely to be as popular as ever in the land of his birth. Hermit's total of twenty-eight youngsters effectually places beyond doubt his procreative powers, and gives the lie to an assertion ill-naturedly made that he did not succeed in foaling half his mares—a mere weak invention of the enemy, which we notice only to refute. Doncaster is credited with the large number, for so young a sire, of twenty-seven, and it was doubtless owing to this indulgence during his first season that his first batch of saplings were voted an "odd lot," lacking in character, and coming of all shapes and sizes. Macaroni could always show a goodly average of foals to mares; but Adventurer has never risen so high in the list before, and Yorkshire seems also to have dipped deeply into the blood, of that stalwart pair of "novices," King Lud and Lowlander, both sires on a large scale, and more

of the hunting type than we should care to experiment upon though they make but few mistakes in such matters in the county of acres. Kingcraft and Knight of the Garter are bracketed at twenty-two each, Scottish Chief can boast of twenty-one, and nineteen out of the twenty young Sterlings are Yardley-bred, so that the Messrs. Graham have stood nobly by their favourite, and may yet prove themselves to have been in the right by placing a prohibitive fee upon Sterling's services. SKYLARK.

CHESS.

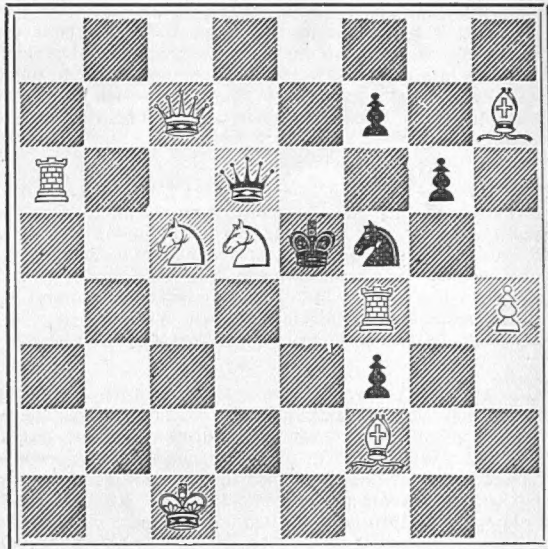
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. H.—Much obliged for your kind communication.  
J. S.—Many thanks, the problem is well constructed and pretty. The game is not recorded correctly.  
J. IMBRY.—Yes; next week.  
G. A. B.—If Kt takes Q, then P takes Kt queening, and White cannot mate next move. You should re-examine Mr. Kidson's beautiful puzzle.  
CHARLES T. C.—See our answer to G. A. B.  
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 215 by J. G. R. L., and Juvenis are correct.  
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 214 by the Painter of Shepherd's Bush is correct.  
D. H. (Pimlico).—Your attempt is very creditable, but how do you mate if Black plays pawn to R 4?

PROBLEM No. 215.

By A. E. STUDD.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

THE following very pretty and very interesting game was lately played at Simpson's Divan, between Mr. Mason, of New York, and one of our most brilliant London amateurs.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. James Mason)	(Mr. B.)	(Mr. James Mason)	(Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	32. R to Kt sq	R to K sq
2. P to K B 4	P takes P	33. B to B 5 (ch)	K to Kt 2
3. B to B 4	Q to R 5 (ch)	34. P to R 4	R to K 7 (ch)
4. K to B sq	P to Q 3 (a)	35. Q takes R (g)	Q takes R (ch)
5. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to K 2	36. Q to K 3	Q takes P
6. P to Q 4	P to K Kt 4	37. Q to B 3	P to R 3
7. Kt to B 3	Q to R 4	38. R to Q B sq	P to B 3
8. P to K R 4	P to K B 3 (b)	39. Q to Kt 7 (ch)	K to Kt 3
9. K to Kt sq	P to Kt 5	40. Q to K 5 (h)	K to Kt 2
10. Kt to K sq	B to R 5	41. Q to Q 6	Q to R 7 (ch)
11. Kt to Q 3	P to B 6	42. R to B 2	Q to B 2
12. P to K Kt 3 (c)	B to Q 2	43. B takes P	Kt to B 3
13. K to B 2	Q Kt to R 3	44. B to B 5	P to R 5
14. Kt to K B 4	B takes Kt	45. Q takes P	P to R 6
15. B takes B	Castles	46. Q to K 6	Q to B sq
16. P to Q R 3	K R to B sq	47. P to Kt 4	P to K R 4 (i)
17. P to Q Kt 4	P to K B 4	48. P to Kt 5	Kt to Q 4
18. B to K Kt 5	Q R to K sq	49. P to Kt 6	Q to Kt 5
19. P to Q Kt 5	Kt to R 4	50. Q to Q 7 (ch)	K to R 5
20. B to Q 3	P takes P	51. Q takes Kt (h)	P takes Q
21. Kt takes P	Kt to Kt sq	52. P to Kt 7	Q to Kt 6 (ch)
22. P to B 4	P to K R 3	53. K to B 2	P to Q 5
23. B to Q 2	P to Kt 3	54. R to B 8 (ch)	K to Kt 2
24. R to K sq	P to Q 4 (d)	55. P to Kt 8 (Qns)	Q to K 6 (ch)
25. P takes P	Q takes P	56. K to Kt 2	Q to K 7 (ch)
26. B takes Kt	Q takes P (ch)	57. K to Kt sq	Q to B 8 (ch)
27. R to K 3	P takes B	58. K to R 2	Q takes B
28. P to Kt 6 (e)	Q to Kt 7 (ch)	59. R to Kt 8 (ch)	K to B 2 (f)
29. B to B 2	R takes Kt (f)	60. Q to Q 8 (ch)	K to B 3
30. R takes R	Q takes P (ch)	61. R to B 8 (ch)	Q takes R
31. R to Q 4	B to Kt 4	62. Q takes Q (ch), and wins.	

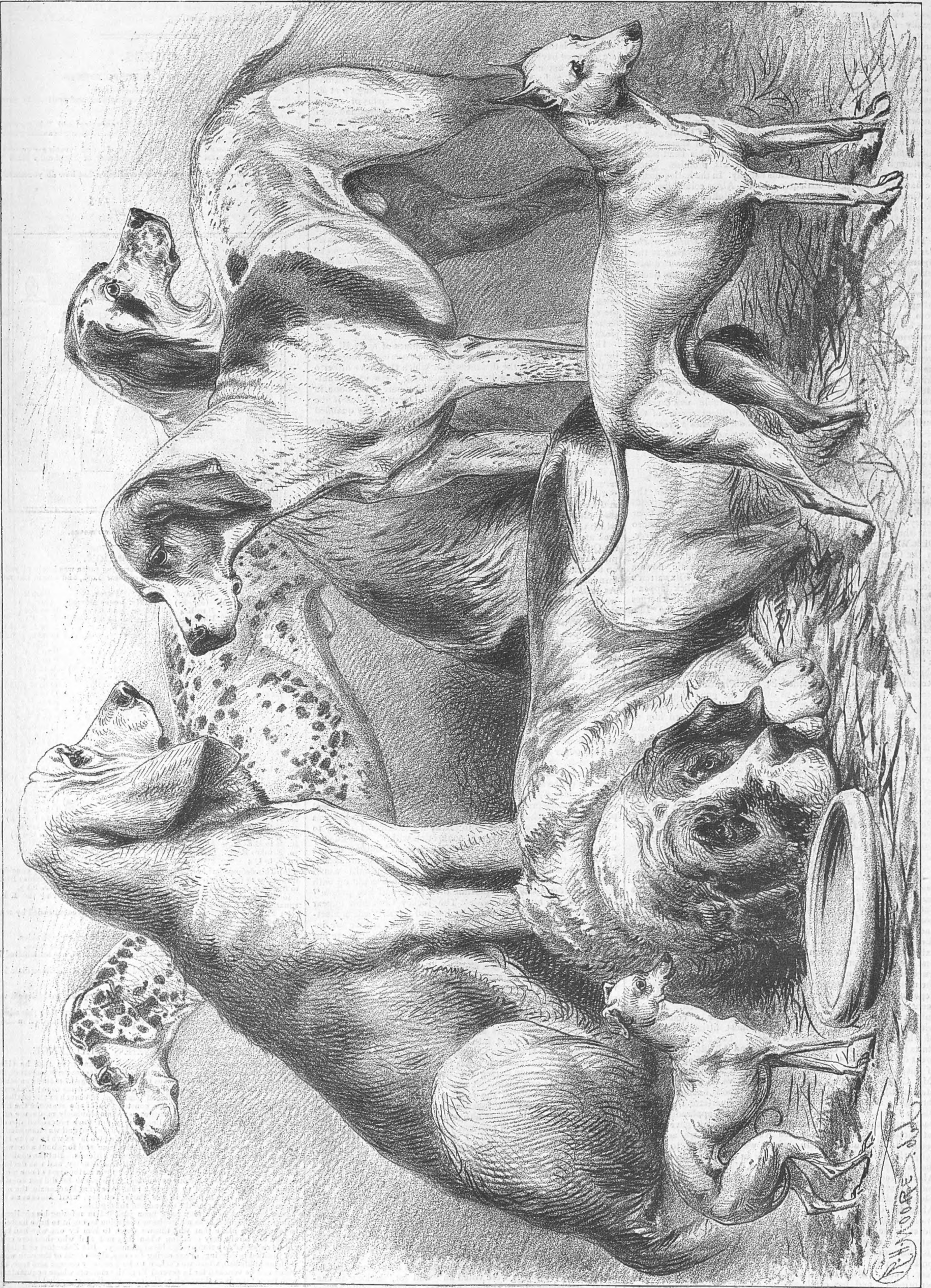
(a) This defence has been lately popularised by Mr. Bird, who considers it superior to the classic defence, P to K Kt 4, inasmuch as it enables Black to frustrate the Fraser attack, the first move of which is P to K Kt 3.  
(b) A pleasing deviation from the hackneyed path, leaving the K R 3 square to be occupied by K B.  
(c) This seems to give a safer game than the move recommended by some authorities—Kt to B 4.  
(d) Well played.  
(e) This game abounds with fine and vigorous strokes on both sides.  
(f) The Rupert of Chess almost reveals his identity by this move.  
(g) White is evidently not to be dazzled by brilliancy, nor intimidated by hard blows.  
(h) Of course capturing the Kt would have entailed the immediate loss of the game.  
(i) Weak.  
(j) This sacrifice exposes the King to much worry, but we believe it was as sound as it was pretty.  
(k) A fatal blunder, but not to be wondered at, seeing that this admirably contested game, extending beyond sixty moves, was rattled off in about twenty minutes.

CAPTAIN MACKENZIE'S CHALLENGE.

A MONTHLY contemporary writes thus:—The assertion that he (Herr Zukertort) had declined a challenge from Capt. Mackenzie is incorrect, Dr. Zukertort having himself assured us that "no challenge from that gentleman had ever reached him." In other words, the writer seems to say, Zukertort certainly never declined the alleged challenge, inasmuch as the challenge never reached him. But with this construction of the sentence the little word "from" ingeniously, we do not say disingenuously made use of, is not quite compatible. The challenge may not have proceeded directly from Mackenzie, but it was undoubtedly given by him, and was immediately published in our column. It was not forwarded (so far as we know) to Herr Zukertort simply because his habitat at the time, and for about a fortnight afterwards was not known to any of Mackenzie's friends. But the challenge did reach Zukertort before Mackenzie left this country, and was declined for these two reasons—(1) Zukertort wished for a further rest of one month before engaging in any serious encounter; (2) because he did not consider himself in any way bound to accept a challenge from Mackenzie, the mere winner of the fourth prize in the Paris Tourney, until Mackenzie had vanquished the winners of the second and third prizes.  
Now Herr Zukertort may have been justified in refusing his challenge, although we think that as a chivalrous champion he ought to have hastened to take up the glove that was thrown down to him by one who had conquered him on the only occasion when they met, and who therefore could not be expected to acknowledge his supremacy. But Zukertort certainly is not justified in denying, or appearing to deny, those facts of the case which we have published, which we declare to be perfectly correct and true, and which can be vouched for by several English amateurs whose acquaintance with those facts is as thorough as their veracity is unimpeachable.

"GOLDEN STAR" BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters.—Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]





STUDIES FROM THE ALEXANDRA PALACE DOG SHOW.





"THEY'RE OFF THE ROAD."



## MUSIC.

## 1878.—A MUSICAL RETROSPECT.

ON this the last Saturday of the expiring year we propose to take a retrospective glance at the musical events which have occurred during the past twelve months, and not merely to supply our readers with an historical summary, but to add a few passing remarks; and finally to inquire whether the record of our musical progress affords grounds for congratulation. In the first place, let us glance at the subject of operatic music.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, the foremost lyric establishment—not merely in England, but in the entire world—opened its doors April 3rd with a performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and closed July 20 with a performance of *Aida*. During the season seventy-nine performances were given, and the repertory included twenty-nine operas in all. Two of these were novelties in this country—Victor Massé's *Paul et Virginie*, produced June 2, and Flotow's *Alma*, produced July 8. Both these works were brought out with liberality of *mise en scène* and vocal talent of the best kind, but neither of them achieved success. They were fully criticised in our columns immediately after the first performance of each, and the unfavourable opinions we felt it our duty to express were fully confirmed by the general judgment of the musical public. Neither opera is likely to be revived, and it is to be regretted that the large resources of the Royal Italian Opera were wasted on works which hardly reached mediocrity. The other operas performed during the season were for the most part familiar masterpieces of the greatest operatic composers. It was noticeable that Wagner's *Lohengrin* and his *Tannhäuser* were each performed only thrice; and that his *Vascello Fantasma* (*The Flying Dutchman*) was altogether withheld. Those fatal Wagner Concerts at the Albert Hall had effectually cooled the feverish ardour of the noble army of amateurs who had previously professed to worship the Prophet, but who were disenchanted when they saw him face to face. M. Georges Bizet's *Carmen*, which had been conditionally promised, was unfortunately not produced, owing, we believe, to Mr. Gye's objection to guarantee, under a penalty of £400, that the orchestral score should not be surreptitiously copied. Throughout the season Signori Vianesi and Bevilgnani worked hard and ably, and the reputation of the Royal Italian Opera was worthily maintained.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA began the year with a season of English opera, and on January 12 an English version of Flotow's opera, *L'Ombre*, was produced, with Mdles. Bauermeister and Purdy, MM. Brennan and Fox in the chief rôles. This opera was not successful, and although it was backed up by a really charming juvenile ballet, business became so bad that the programme was changed, and a series of English operatic performances was given, with Madame Rose Hersee as *prima donna*, aided by Madame Bauermeister, Miss Anna Eyre, Mrs. Helen Crossmond, &c., &c. Madame Rose Hersee quitted the company in February, owing to provincial engagements, and the season shortly afterwards terminated. The theatre was reopened for the regular Italian opera season with a performance of *La Sonnambula*, May 20th. During the season, which closed July 13th with a performance of *Lucia*, 73 performances were given, and 19 operas were produced. It must be remarked that the waning of Wagner's popularity was attested by the entire withdrawal of his name from the programme of the season. Mr. Mapleson made a splendid hit in the production of the late M. Georges Bizet's *Carmen*, June 22nd. Since the production of Gounod's *Faust*, no opera has attained such immediate and universal popularity in this country. The powerfully interesting libretto strengthened the attractions of M. Bizet's poetical, original, and exquisite music, and from that time until now it has been a never-failing source of attraction to the musical public—to whom it will be presented in an English dress a few weeks hence, during the English opera season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Her Majesty's Theatre. The repertory of the season included a number of well-selected masterpieces, ably executed under the skilful direction of Sir Michael Costa, and both in the Haymarket and at Covent Garden musicians and amateurs were afforded abundant opportunities of cultivating refinement of taste by listening to model works. The recent season of Italian opera at reduced prices is too fresh in the memory to need much comment. The novelty of the season was the revival of Weber's *Oberon*—a beautiful work, which only needs a better libretto to ensure its permanent popularity. It was, on the whole well executed, and the various popular operas performed in the course of the season, under the direction of Signor Li Calsi, attracted abundant patronage.

ENGLISH OPERA was worthily upheld by the Carl Rosa Opera Company during a season of two months in March and April at the Adelphi Theatre. The company, although not individually so strong as it had been, was collectively excellent, and the *ensembles* were perfect; the chorus singing being indisputably far superior to that heard at the two Italian opera-houses. The chief novelties of the season were *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—an English version, by Mr. Henry Hersee, of Nicolai's *Lustigen Weiber von Windsor*—and Ignaz Brull's *Golden Cross*, adapted by Mr. J. P. Jackson. Other works of undoubted excellence and popularity were ably executed, but the season was only partially successful, chiefly because the theatre was ill-chosen. The next season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company will be held at Her Majesty's Theatre, with every advantage that such an establishment offers.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE OPERAS, given in the spring, were worthy of the *locale*, and at the ALEXANDRA PALACE English operas were successfully given during a long season, which closed Dec. 7th with a performance of *La Sonnambula*, for the benefit of Madame Rose Hersee, her last appearance prior to her departure for Australia a month hence.

THE OPERA COMIQUE COMPANY have had the honourable distinction of producing the only new operatic works by English composers which have been heard during the year. *H.M.S. Pinafore*, a three-act comic opera, written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and composed by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, was produced May 25 with a success which has continued unbroken until the present time. Two new operettas by Mr. Alfred Cellier have also been produced: *The Spectre Knight*, May 25, and *After All*, produced Dec. 17. The libretto of the first-named work was written by Mr. Albery; of the latter by Mr. Frank Desprez. Neither Mr. Sullivan's opera nor the slighter works by Mr. Cellier will be likely to take a high place in the repertory of English operatic music; but they are nevertheless meritorious works, *The Spectre Knight* especially so.

At DRURY LANE THEATRE, October 12th, an English version by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, of the late Herr Goetz's four-act comic opera, *The Taming of the Shrew*, was produced, with a weak company, and with but partial success. Under more favourable circumstances, it will probably secure a larger amount of public favour. It contains many striking and charming passages, and the orchestration is masterly.

The PHILHARMONIC THEATRE, Islington, opened early in the spring with a performance of *Geneviève de Brabant*, followed, April 27th, by Lecocq's comic opera *Le Petit Duc*, adapted to the English stage by Messrs. Bolton Rowe and Savile Rowe. The work, although it had been enormously popular in Paris, did

not succeed in London, and was considered inferior in melody and originality to previous efforts of the composer.

At the FOLLY THEATRE, February 24th, an English version by Messrs. Farnie and Reece of Planquette's three-act comic opera, *Les Cloches de Corneville*, was produced with remarkable success, to which the powerful acting of Mr. Shiel Barry, as the Miser, Gaspard, greatly contributed. The work is deficient in constructive power and technical skill, but is full of light and pleasing melodies, which—combined with an amusing plot—secure for it, in its present home at the Globe Theatre, an undiminished popularity.

At the ALHAMBRA THEATRE the principal novelty has been Herr von Suppé's *Fatinitza*, adapted to the English stage by Mr. Henry S. Leigh, and produced June 20. This bright and tuneful work suffered, at its first representation here, from the inefficiency of one or two performers; but these objections were afterwards removed, and *Fatinitza* ran merrily for a quarter of the year.

At the ROYAL WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM a long series of Operatic Recitals attracted crowded audiences on consecutive Saturday nights. On these occasions the most important portions of popular operas were executed by well-known solo artists, aided by a chorus of 200 voices, and an efficient orchestra of 50 performers, conducted by Mr. C. Dubois. These operatic recitals afforded to many persons welcome opportunities of becoming better acquainted with the best works of eminent composers, and it is to be hoped that the experiment may be repeated after Christmas.

In addition to the operatic performances above mentioned, a very large number have been given at the principal towns throughout the United Kingdom, and English opera especially has been much better supported in the provinces than in the metropolis. Having discussed the question of opera at considerable length, we must now make a brief reference to the valuable aid rendered to the cause of musical progress by

## CONCERTS.

Chief amongst these must be mentioned the admirable CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS, which during half the year attract earnest lovers of music to Sydenham. At these unrivalled concerts the finest orchestral works are splendidly performed, under the masterly direction of Mr. Manns, and at every concert some interesting novelty is forthcoming.—The ALEXANDRA PALACE CONCERTS, given under the clever direction of Mr. Frederick Archer, presented many meritorious features.—The SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY continued its useful labours on a well-trodden track, and produced, May 24, one novelty, the English version, by Mr. A. Matthison, of Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*, which, although more secular than sacred in character, is likely to prove an attractive feature of the Exeter Hall repertory.—The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY adhered to its plan of repeating classic masterpieces, and as the orchestra had been considerably strengthened, the concerts—ably directed by Mr. W. G. Cousins—became additionally attractive, and the venerable society, like Nestor, exhibited

A green old age, unconscious of decay.

—The NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY sought for novelty, and many interesting works were produced in the series of concerts, carefully conducted by Dr. Wyld and Mr. Ganz.—The MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS have been fully up to the mark. Well-selected programmes have been executed by artists of European renown, and these concerts have been to chamber music what the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts have been to orchestral music. They will be resumed soon after Christmas.—The VIARD-LOUIS CONCERTS at St. James's Hall have formed an important addition to the list of high-class musical entertainments—the first series of five concerts commenced May 24, the second series of eight concerts commenced November 26. At these concerts great orchestral works have been performed by a magnificent band of 90 performers, conducted in masterly style by Mr. Weist Hill. Many welcome novelties have been produced, and these concerts, both in conception and execution, merit the patronage which they can hardly fail to secure.—The LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS given by Mr. John Boosey have retained their popularity, and have fulfilled a useful purpose in fostering a love of the pure and unsophisticated melody which distinguishes our native ballads.—The SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS, recently started at St. James's Hall, present many similar features, and would probably gain increased patronage if they were devoted to some special branch of art.—The concerts given at the Royal Albert Hall by the R.A.H. CHORAL SOCIETY under the direction of Mr. Barnby, and those given in the same building by MR. CARTER'S CHOIR, have done good service to art, but the locality is too remote to exercise a metropolitan influence.—The admirable concerts of the HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR at St. James's Hall have afforded matchless illustrations of refined part-singing, and the LONDON VOCAL CONCERTS, which were apparently started in rivalry, March 5, under the direction of a gifted musician, Mr. J. F. Barnett, had but a short career.—In addition to the above-named and other metropolitan musical institutions, it must be remembered that we have a large number of suburban musical societies, and that there is hardly a town in the kingdom which is without a musical society of some kind. The beneficial influence of such institutions can hardly be overrated, and their rapid increase is a gratifying proof of our progress as a musical nation.

MUSICAL EDUCATION has been but poorly aided by the State, although, as we on a former occasion pointed out, a magnificent system of national musical education might be supported at a less annual expense than half the cost of an ironclad. Mr. John Hullah has worked hard in the cause; and his earnest efforts, in connection with his duties as musical inspector of schools, must help to hasten the day when musical instruction shall be indispensable at every school.—The ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, conducted by a board of professors, still receives an annual grant of £500; but its prosperity is built on the excellent results of the teaching given by Professor Macfarren and his able colleagues, and the concerts given by the pupils have afforded sincere gratification to lovers of music.—The NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL OF MUSIC at South Kensington appears likely to languish for want of support; but the concert given by the pupils, October 17th, at the Mansion House, reflected credit on the principal, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and the teachers by whom he has been assisted. Mr. Arthur Sullivan's acceptance of the directorship of COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS, during the management of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti, should not pass without mention. His appointment led to happy results, both in a pecuniary and an artistic sense, and the fact that the whole of Beethoven's nine symphonies were performed on the nine consecutive Mondays of the season, and attracted crowded audiences, will show the high character of the concerts, and the general development of improved taste. The concerts were continued under the direction of M. Rivièrè, on nearly similar principles, and with great success.

A glance at the foregoing summary of our musical history during the past year will enable the reader to estimate the amount of progress we have made during that period. It must be admitted that, as respects productivity, we have not much cause to boast. Taking the new works above-named, and adding Mr.

Frederic Cowen's admirably conceived and skilfully written oratorio, *The Deluge*, produced (of course) at a provincial festival, we have barely half-a-dozen compositions of importance as the musical harvest of the year. This state of things will probably continue until public opinion compels the Government to afford to English music such aid as music receives from the state in every civilised country on the Continent; and they who love music should combine their influence to accelerate the removal of a national neglect, which is a national disgrace.

## ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &amp;c.

TAKE up whatever sporting journal you please, the invariable cry of "frozen out" greets the eye, whether it be those which treat on racing, coursing, or pedestrian pursuits. To add to my sorrows the "News" goes to press on the first day of the week, and therefore, I am extremely pleased that a correspondent from India, under the soubriquet of "Caught out," wishes to know "if I can give him any particulars of the memorable match the losing of which caused George, better known as Squire Osbaldeston, to strike his name out of the members' book of the Marylebone Club."

Owing to the fact that I am in possession of some notes culled from "The Cricket Field," I can do so, although it is needless for me to make the remark that I was not present, the contest taking place, unless my memory fails me, in or about the year 1819. The match was the result of a challenge issued by the Squire, who contended that, with a couple of men to field, he and Lambert, the professional, could play any four other persons in the kingdom. Although forced into it against his will, Mr. E. H. Budd took up the challenge, having as his partners G. Brown, J. Howard, and James Thumwood; and a pretty good thrashing the Squire got, as Mr. Budd in the first innings off his own bat nearly doubled the full total of the two essays of the challengers. If I am wrong in the instance I quote I hope some of my readers will kindly at once drop me a line, so that I may at once rectify the error. The full score I may as well append, presuming that some bets are pending. It is—

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
G. Osbaldeston, Esq., c Brown	2	b Brown	3
Lambert b Brown	6	c Thumwood	0
Total.....		Total.....	
E. H. Budd, Esq., b Osbaldeston	8	James Thumwood b Osbaldeston	19
J. Howard b Osbaldeston	4	G. Brown b Osbaldeston	0
G. Brown b Osbaldeston	15	Total.....	
Total.....		38	

Lord Harris and his Australian team have opened their campaign in a worthy manner, as they beat sixteen of South Australia at Adelaide, with four wickets to spare. The home party got 110 and 137, whilst the Englishmen put together 185, which left them 63 runs to win. They, however, lost six wickets before they could accomplish their object.

On Boxing Day they play the Australian Eleven who visited us during the past season.

By reference to my list of notes, I find I have been very remiss in not stating that the Rugby Crick Run has taken place, victory resting with Downing, who led all the way, Lupton being second, and Edwards third. Time, 1min 22secs. Two old "Crick" winners, C. G. Steel (1871) and E. R. Benson (1876) kindly laid the trail.

Boxing Day at Stamford Bridge will be celebrated by a forty miles' amateur walking race for prizes presented by the London Athletic Club. There were 105 entries. As of course all these could not be accepted, 55 were struck out. Taking them as a lot, they are a very poor sample indeed, only one that I can remember, E. M. Dundas, having any pretensions to being a long-distance walker; and of the others, if fit and well, I fancy H. O. Moore and W. E. Fuller; but I fancy the last-named is too fond of the pleasures of this life to be fit within a few hours of Christmas Day.

The committee reserved the right to refuse certain entries, and I am sorry to find that there is still some snobbery left in their ranks. However, there is never anything gained by crying over spilt milk, and I regret to find that one well-known amateur has not treated his refusal with the quiet disdain it deserved, and that another has thought fit to request the editor of a contemporary to inform his readers that Mr. So-and-so did not enter. Now, I wonder who cares much whether he did or did not do so.

As the prizes are of no very great value, I cannot see that anyone is much aggrieved. It is all very well for fellows to tell me, "You know, old fellow, it's the indignity offered, and my honour is impugned." Honour be—I was nearly using a very emphatic expletive—hanged! there is precious little of that material running about just now; it's the old fleshpots of Egypt tale over again.

Rumour has it that Armstrong, the crack amateur of the United States, is on his way here. I hope it is a fact, for the sake of sport; but if what I hear from an intimate friend who has seen him perform be true, he will have to go in very different form here than he does at home. This will not make much difference in the seven miles amateur championship, though, unless things are changed since the last two years, as on both occasions they have been mere trotting matches.

In Memoriam, Robert Leigh, who died on November 8, at Calicut, on the return journey from India. He will be well known as a member of the Ravenscourt Football Club, and was one of the original promoters of the Rugby Union and of the England versus Scotland matches.

As I am writing, it is freezing hard; so if things go on as they are doing I shall have to fall back on curling and such-like sport next week. Cricket on the ice is too much of an abortion for me to go in for it unless I am quite devoid of anything else to write about.

Fred Bennett and Tom Taylor had a rare race for the "fiver" offered by the firm of Burroughes and Watts to the scorer of the best average in the recent St. James's Hall tournament. Taylor's was 22.375, against 22.085, so he won. Joseph Bennett and G. Collins being next best.

Last Wednesday the annual entertainment of the Norwood Swimming Club took place, I am told; but as the usual courtesy of a notice and admission-ticket was not extended to me, I shall say no more about it.

Owing to the Serpentine being frozen over, the annual Christmas Morning Handicap of the club bearing that name has been postponed *sine die*.

G. Hunt gave H. Victor 200 in 1000 at the saloon attached to the Alexandra Hotel, Hackney, on Friday night, and beat him by 137.

Cavill, the well-known emulator of the Captain Webb feat, has sailed for Australia.

Everyone will be sorry to hear that the President of the Amateur Athletic Club, the Earl of Jersey, met with a severe accident last week, whilst skating on the lake in his park at Middleton.

George H. Hosmer, of Boston, a sculler of considerable local reputation has arrived in England. It is reported that he is anxious to make matches, and, undoubtedly, will be easily accommodated.

Richards, the well-known pyramid and billiard-player, has



taken the room attached to the Lamb Hotel, Warwick-street, Regent-street. On Saturday evening he and Joseph Bennett beat T. Taylor and G. Collins in a four-handed match. I had the pleasure of being there, and can assure any of my readers that they will find it a nice room, the landlord knows what to do, and a more obliging player than Richards is not to be found. Fortune has not smiled too kindly on him, and I hope the fickle goddess will now change her mind.

Only the Isledon Harriers were out last Saturday, and they indulged in a handicap run. Nine started, and the scratch man, H. Coulson, proved the winner by six yards from C. P. Clark, 1 min. start.

EXON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

## THE LOVING CUP.

DEAR SIR,—I see in the otherwise complimentary notice of the Christmas number of the above paper in the *City Press* the following statement, which, I think, affords an excellent example of how easily one's work may be misunderstood. The critic says: "As, however, it bears the title of 'The Loving Cup,' the artist, who on the title-page has pictorially described the ceremony so designated, might have been at the pains to study the manner in which the loving cup is handled, and he would then *never* have made the mistake into which he has fallen of representing the guest who is about to drink as holding both the cup and its cover—the essential part of the proceeding from its earliest days being that the cover should be held by him to whom the cup is pledged." Now I did take the trouble to make myself acquainted with the manner in which the Loving Cup is handled, however inadequately I may have represented it to the critic of the *City Press* in the drawing. My idea was this:—The noble Cavalier is in the act of removing the cover from the Loving Cup before handing it to his civic neighbour, who bows low to the noble before receiving the cup, the cover remaining in the hand of the Cavalier. I think this explanation is sufficient to satisfy the readers of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS who have seen the above notice in the *City Press*.—I remain, yours very truly,

MATT STRETCH.

3, Steele's Studios, Haverstock-hill, N.W., Dec. 21, 1878.

## THE AMATEURS.

SIR,—As an amateur I cannot refrain from begging you to insert, in the interest of fair play, a reply to an article written by a correspondent from Brighton in your number of November 30. From the fact that your correspondent writes an ill-natured article, acknowledging at the same time that he has no reason for doing so, I should suggest that he might have culminated his confession by subscribing himself "A Groundless Grumbler." But let us examine the subject-matter—if, indeed, there is matter in it—of his complaint. He says:—"I have no desire to be ill-natured, and have, indeed, nothing to be ill-natured about, but I never see an amateur performance without a certain sense of jealousy for all the poor hard workers who live by acting, and may forfeit their night's salaries for it, let alone the number of people who after paying their guineas in the name of charity to see a friend in a fancy dress cannot afford their 5s. to the real thing for some time afterwards." One cannot but be sorry for a man whose better feeling has struggled for supremacy, but who has had to succumb to being ill-natured about "nothing," and "nothing," after examination, it proves itself to be. Very exceptional—if indeed they have ever occurred—are the occasions when an amateur performance interferes with the "night's salaries" of professional actors. In the few cases where amateur performances have been given in theatres they have been given in the afternoon, and consequently have not caused the "forfeit of their night's salaries" to any of the "poor hard-workers who live by acting." But had they done so the amateurs are not to blame, for it is the professional manager who allows them the use of his theatre, and thus precludes the possibility of its being used upon that particular occasion by professional actors. But there is another fact which more plainly proves the nothingness of this groundless grumbler's complaints, and it is this: amateurs—genuine amateurs—play (for their own pleasure, if you will; no one pretends that we undergo martyrdom in giving dramatic performances) invariably with the object of benefiting charities. Now if your correspondent grudges us this prerogative, and proposes that the profession should monopolise every sort of dramatic performance, what does he do for the "poor hard-workers" whose cause he advocates? He gives them more hard work, but no more pay; for every one knows that when a theatre gives the proceeds of an entertainment to a charity, the whole company is expected to give its services gratis. I must challenge one more statement of this amateur-hater. "Let alone," he continues, "the number of people who, after paying their guineas in the name of charity to see a friend in a fancy dress, cannot afford their five shillings to the real thing for some time afterwards." Now, really, when this complaint is analysed, it will be found to be more groundless than any other he has stated. An amateur performance has never and never will materially affect the attendance at the "real thing" (by which I suppose is meant the theatre). An amateur audience may be thus dissected. Half of it attends because some friend is playing—but they would not have gone to the theatre. A quarter of it seizes the opportunity of witnessing an amateur performance, because "they never go to the theatre"! and the remaining quarter are composed, about equally, of those who support every local entertainment, because it is local; and those who wish to assist the particular charity, because it is the particular charity. This analysis—if it is a fair one—gives no ground for the statement that amateur performances tend to diminish the attendance at the theatres; and when he acknowledges, as he must acknowledge, that there are no more regular and zealous frequenters of the theatres than the earnest and ambitious amateur, I hope your correspondent will be able on a future occasion to witness an amateur performance without allowing himself to be so unreasonably possessed by the "green-eyed monster."—I am, Sir, yours &c.,

AN AMATEUR.

## CURIOUS.

SIR,—I was passing the Duke's Theatre just after the doors were opened, when I saw an individual issue from the box entrance and walk rapidly round to Brownlow-street. He wore a long-caped military overcoat, and the Glengarry bonnet common to the line regiments; he carried a small cane, and presented generally a respectable soldierly appearance, with the singular exception that he had got no boots on; his trousers were turned up above the ankle, and his feet quite bare. The weather was bitterly cold, and the pavement covered with mud and melted snow. Upon reaching the gallery entrance he noticed the placard, "Amphitheatre, is," and turning to an orange-girl said, quite in the tone of voice of an educated man, "I think there is a sixpenny gallery here, is there not?" She very civilly directed him, notwithstanding the signs and gesticulations of her companions. When he had passed up, the girl turned to those who had gathered round, exclaiming, "Yah! what was yer a pointin' at? Did yer never see a soldier before?"

She had not noticed his naked feet. I was told that the man had been waiting outside the box-entrance half-an-hour before the doors were opened. I wonder what took place within the theatre—whether anything occurred to explain the man's curious conduct and appearance? Was it a question of a wager, was he crazy, or was he so desperately desirous of witnessing the exciting performance of the *Uctooroon* that he sold his boots to provide the admission money?—Yours truly,

W. M. C.

London, December 13, 1878.

## BEARING-REINS.

SIR,—A letter from me was published in your issue of the 26th October, in reply to a portion of an article which appeared on the 21st September, upon the subject of bearing-reins. In the article referred to there is the following:—"Let us examine the straight, light neck of cabby's horse, and the heavy, massive necks of the pair which is attached to the carriage of my lady. How is it that there is such a contrast? How is it that my lady can command weight of the fore-hand and cabby cannot? Does cabby's horse eat less? Is he of a special lighter breed? Hardly. Then, how is it? The explanation is easy and interesting." It is then argued that the greater size of the neck, and the heavy fore-hand (that part of a horse which is before the rider) of the carriage-horse is attributable to the fact that he is harnessed with a bearing-rein, that this obliges him to hold up his head, and that the additional exercise thus given causes the muscles of his neck to be "increased in bulk, and, by consequence, in strength." You will perhaps permit me to observe that a more probable explanation is, that the two classes of horses in question are of different breeds. The neck of the racehorse or "thoroughbred" is straight and thin. Cab proprietors require horses specially adapted for vehicles of a light draught, and therefore they usually purchase "thoroughbreds," or animals of a light breed, and they have, of course, thin necks. The horses sold by dealers for the purpose of being driven in carriages or broughams are animals of a heavier description, and consequently their necks are of a corresponding weight and size. A "thoroughbred" would not have sufficient weight nor strength to draw a heavy carriage or brougham for any great distance. Those persons who entertain the idea that the muscles of a horse's neck are strengthened by his being obliged to hold up his head for one or two hours appear to forget that when the limbs of an animal are exercised in the ordinary way the same muscles are never called into action for more than a very brief space of time, but they are alternately in exercise and at rest. In the act of walking, one set of muscles is used for putting the leg forward, and after the foot is placed on the ground other muscles are employed to move the leg in the opposite direction, the former set of muscles being at rest during the time that the last-mentioned movement of the leg is being made. The unfortunate horse whose head is held up by the bearing-rein is compelled to exert the same muscles, namely, those which are employed to raise the neck, as long as he remains in harness, and such exercise must be of a very unnatural and injurious sort. Our own horses are always driven without bearing-reins. The horses have good crests, that is, their necks are well-shaped and massive. This tends to contradict the theory about the crest of a horse being improved by the bearing-rein.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

X. Y. Z.

London, December 14, 1878.

## SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

## No. X.—A WRANGLER.

As a very general rule, men who hunt are cheery and good fellows. Instances of jealousy, selfishness, and unkindness may, of course, be found in the hunting field, as elsewhere. The strict order of precedence is not always observed at gates and gaps, even though by cutting in out of turn the pusher may run some risk of upsetting the horse that was there first, to say nothing of its rider's temper. One does not always experience vivid regret if a rival gets put down without hurting himself; and sometimes after a nasty spill, when the rider is more or less doubled up, and the horse with flying reins and stirrups is kicking up his heels in the distance, we are rather too apt to conclude upon insufficient premises that the victim is not really hurt, or that some friend will be sure to look after him, instead of pulling up and seeing whether we may not be of assistance. Nevertheless I think it will not be disputed that there are few exceptions to the general proposition laid down above; but of course one now and then does come across such exceptions, and the Meadowmere Hunt can furnish an example in the person of Captain Crookton, though it must at once be said out of justice to him that his surliness and ever ready criticisms of a condemnatory nature stop short at verbal utterances.

Nothing pleases the gallant Captain. He dislikes the country, though he owns a fair slice of it. The hounds are full of faults, the servants inefficient, the master self-willed and overbearing, the fields either too numerous or else so scanty that the hunt must go to the dogs—which, bad as it is in every respect, Crookton would apparently regard as a misfortune—and even the foxes themselves, to pursue his strictures to their logical conclusion, are disgracefully ignorant of their business. It need hardly be added that the weather very rarely indeed meets with Captain Crookton's entire approbation, but that, on the contrary, he is accustomed to speak of the climate of his native land in obnoxious terms, much more remarkable for their vigour than their propriety. If in the meteorological history of this island there ever was a day that pleased the Captain, it was one upon which we had not the pleasure of meeting him out hunting. Nor is it only actual occurrences which offend him. As a prophet of evil he holds high rank, and that anything can be going on favourably in any way he actually disbelieves.

There he is—the neatly-dressed man with greyish whiskers—sitting by himself outside the covert, through which the remainder of the hunt are wending their ways. Crookton is well mounted on a powerful iron grey, well up to his weight, and is tugging savagely at the bridle to prevent the animal from following his companions, as he is disposed to do. On seeing that a general move was being made through the covert, we mildly suggested that we had "Better be getting on, perhaps?"

"What for?" he asks, contemptuously. "There never was a fox here, and there never will be. When I see a rascal like that man of Hawley's leaning over a gate," and he nodded towards a keeper, who was looking on, "I know what it means, well enough!"

"But he says there was a fox this morning," some one says.

"I dare say he does, and very likely there was this morning, and he knows where it is now. No. I'm not going on any such fool's errand. What Akerton ought to have done, as I told him, was to go to the Red Down Spinney. My man saw a fox there yesterday, and though Oldham is a bigoted Tory ass, at least he has the grace not to shoot foxes. You'd better go, if you think it worth while. I shall wait till you come out."

We do think it worth while, and in we go. Before Crookton has succeeded in convincing his horse that he does not intend to follow into the covert a whimper from Tuneable, quickly acknowledged by other hounds, proclaims a find, and the fox breaks some hundred yards from where Crookton has placed himself—a great deal better luck than he deserves.

"A mangy bagman, I'll bet a thousand to one. Things were getting too scandalous there, and Hawley thinks this will retrieve the character of the place," growls Crookton.

"Well, he's leading the hounds at a good pace, at any rate," says Scatterly, as we gallop along full swing, and to this undeniable proposition Crookton can only reply with a grunt.

Into a covert with dense undergrowth the hounds plunge, where for a time they seem at fault; and Crookton, after growing very angry at what he deemed the imminent probability of the fox being "headed by some cursed tailor," proceeds to anathematise his groom for not putting on the bit he wanted to ride in, and to complain bitterly of the total incapacity of saddlers in general, and the tradesman he honours with his patronage in particular, who is, beyond comparison, the biggest ass that ever spoilt good leather. The hounds stay for some time in the covert without hitting off the scent, and Crookton knows why.

"Find the fox? No! They don't seem to, indeed, and no wonder! Akerton's not happy unless his hounds are as fat as pigs. They don't want to run, and couldn't if they did. Let the brutes lie down before the fire, and go to sleep, and they'd be happy," observes the genial captain.

"I really think they are treated very judiciously," somebody ventures to say. "Sir Henry takes enough pains with them, anyhow."

"A deuced sight too much pains. He's always trying experiments, with some new blood, and what's the result? All the old excellences of the pack are disappearing, and we have a set of snipe-nosed brutes—"

"That find foxes, anyhow, and run them pretty hard!" cries the defender, as he crashes through the fence after the hounds, which are again in full cry down the vale; and we are spared the argument that would have resulted had anybody cared to take it up, as to the good and bad points common to snipe-nosed hounds.

On we go again, well in, it seems, for a fast thing, and for some time Crookton can find nothing to complain of except a clever bit of riding on the part of the First Whip, who neatly saves a fall over some awkward rails, and draws from Crookton a muttered grumble to the effect that Tom is a deuced deal too fond of steeple-chasing, and if he thought more of his hounds and less of showing off, he would be very much better suited for his place.

"Well! If this is a bagman he's pretty fit to go!" Scatterly cries out, as his well-pumped horse bumbles over some low rails and nearly lands on his head, and Crookton can only reply by a growl of disapprobation at something indefinite—not the pace unless he would like it slower.

But rest is at hand. We have all made up our minds that the fox is heading for Oakley Heath, probably beguiling the weary way with reflections on the comfortable and commodious earths which he imagines are open, though we know better. Suddenly, however, we bend away to the right, and gradually come to a check. The fox apparently knows the geography of the district better than we do, and at last we are reluctantly forced to the conclusion that we have lost him; whereat Crookton takes up his parable against drunken rascals who pass their days guzzling in public-houses, instead of attending to their work, the culprit against whose especial head maledictions are hurled being poor Bob Blake, the most hard-working and sagacious of earth-stoppers.

Once, however, we got a glorious "rise" out of Crookton, one that was well worth waiting for. This was during the Scruton régime, when that quasi-benevolent person, after having had very bad luck, as he considered it, with the cheap screws he managed to pick up in strange places, was making a last desperate effort by the strictest economy to avert the horrid fate of being out of pocket. Scruton had clearly imagined that there would be a balance from the subscriptions which would at least pay his average expenses, but this now seemed improbable, and things were not only cut, but absolutely shaved, down, for the purpose of, if possible, making both ends meet. The Whip—we had only one—was mounted on a melancholy little dingy bay, which had an extraordinary habit of "running" every now and then in the midst of a gallop—not trotting or ambling, but simply running with all four legs independent of each other; and with disagreeable frequency he would land over a jump on his knees; somewhat after the fashion of the young people in circuses when they spring over what I believe are known as "banners."

Crookton observed this one Thursday, when the old horse was worse than usual, taking a run after every gallop of a dozen strides, and despite all Tom's care, toppling him over at two successive fences. These were of course gay times for Crookton, who really enjoyed himself; for not only were there plenty of legitimate pretexts for finding fault, but as a subscriber to the Hunt he felt that he had an undeniable right to express himself freely.

"Look at that wretched screw to-day! He'll break Tom's neck if the lad doesn't take care, before the day's over. I believe Scruton makes those brutes himself, out of broken-down clothes-horses. The lad can ride, too, or could if he had a beast to carry him. I'll tell you what I'll do. For the credit of the Hunt I'll get a horse from my own man, and Tom may ride it till the end of the season," the Captain exclaimed, and speedily put his project into execution. Tom was to go to Captain Crookton's private and particular dealer, bearing a letter instructing him to supply the best light-weight hunter he could part with for eighty guineas. That was the Captain's way of doing business, and he found it answer; so Tom called for the letter, and it was arranged that he should go over the first day he could manage it, which would probably be on the following Monday.

On the Saturday we were out again, and Tom, who had abandoned the dingy bay, was on a chestnut mare, another of Scruton's bargains apparently, for though a very decent-looking beast, she refused persistently, wheeling round and kicking at her fences.

"There's another of them!" Crookton said, contemptuously, as he watched the performance. "It's simply disgraceful to send a servant out to do his work on such a beast."

"Not a bad-looking sort," Wynerly remarks, as we stand in a group, watching Tom's efforts to get the mare over the fence out of a covert which had been drawn blank.

"I can't say I agree with you," the Captain answers; "she's one of those light, flashy beasts that never last till Christmas, and are not fit to go half the days before. Go to a decent man, pay a decent price, and you'll get a decent horse—as you'll see on Tuesday, I hope. Another awkward brute you've got there, Tom. Where did she come from?" Crookton asks, as at length, with a snort, the mare bounds over the fence.

"This is your new one, sir. I got over to fetch her yesterday," Tom answers, touching his hat. "Haden't time to bring her round to let you see her, sir, and know'd you would be out to-day."

I'm afraid we laughed; the idea of Crookton so angrily abusing his own horse from his own unexceptionable dealer, was too good to be resisted.

It is freezing hard now, and Crookton is beyond all doubt girding bitterly at the abominable weather. Soon it will thaw, and then he will come out, and growl savagely at the heavy ploughs, and the rides through the coverts knee-deep in mud. In fine, Crookton—a generous, good-hearted fellow when it comes to the point—is a very pronounced type of that strange class of people who are never happy unless they have something to be miserable about.

RAPIER.





A CHRISTMAS TOAST.—"THE GENTLEMEN,"



## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

FORTUNATELY for Mr. Albery, no sooner had the *fiasco* of the Princess's Theatre found its way into print than the town echoed with the news of a great success at the Haymarket. Divested of the helping hand of Mr. Joseph Hatton, whose literary and dramatic peculiarities strongly marked the drama entitled *Number 20*, Mr. Albery made an appearance again as the adapter of a famous French comedy. *The Crisis* immediately struck the ears and eyes of the town in that peculiar way that stamps immediately upon a performance the magic word SUCCESS. There can be no doubt that since Mr. Albery wrote the *Two Roses* no such sincerely good work has slipped from him as may at present be enjoyed at the Haymarket Theatre. Much has been said of the value given to the production of *The Crisis* by the admirable acting of the company now mustered at the Haymarket. Nothing too favourable could be said of such a company, but I must protest that somewhat more credit is due to Mr. Albery than has been allotted him by the critics generally. The Haymarket Theatre, under the time-honoured management



*The Lion throwing off the Asses Skin.*

of Mr. J. Baldwin Buckstone represented a cage of animals representing the well-known exhibition known as "The Happy Family." Fossilised to the highest degree, they were still tranquil and contented. Nobody in or out of the theatre, dare say a word against the dear old souls who were cast time after time for parts that might have been judiciously filled by their grandsons. Things have changed, and a new face appears as the manager of the fine old crusted theatre of Mr. Buckstone. Of course with it appears a new and almost altogether different company. With the exception of here and there a robust youth of some sixty summers, I should think the theatre was inhabited by an entirely new generation. It is obvious that, as a piece of dramatic writing, the author has produced his best work, and the company selected by Mr. J. S. Clarke is sufficiently adequate for the task set before them. In the first place (as everybody who peruses the daily papers must know), Miss Moodie has made the most extensive hit of the season. Her wonderful portrayal of a widow, a mother, and a noble woman has no equal on our British stage in the matter of delicacy and finish. In the first place the lady "makes up" in a manner that ought to be studied by every woman on the stage who has an opportunity of seeing her. The entire piece has been exhaustively criticised by the most adequate critics of the press, and I fancy if the poll were taken Miss Moodie would stand very much at the top of it. Mr. Charles Kelly (with the exception of a mock beard, which is a bad imitation of one he wore naturally at the Court Theatre) plays his part with the fulness of his robust sentiment that has distinguished him before now. It would be fruitless at this late period of the production to give any criticism of the general mode of the company in their particular parts. Everybody who has not seen *The Crisis* has read an exhaustive in some paper or other, and I have other matters to deal with. Have you, reader, noticed the walking-cane that the youth and beauty of London brings into the stalls of a theatre with him? It is after the manner of Mr. Pantaloon in the pantomime. Jeunesse Dorée, Esq., will no more part with his walking-cane than he will with his lip or his shirt. This is



*The stick Nuisance*

a point of much controversy betwixt him and the stallkeeper. But Jeunesse Dorée, Esq., gains the day, with the usual tribute to order and discipline, and is permitted to carry his staff triumphantly to his seat with him, and having got it there he nurses it with all the love that a mother could show to an offspring. But I must "dry up," in theatrical parlance, and tell you how I feel, and I fear my feeling is akin to yours.

\* \* \* \* \*

My patent silber lamp, warranted to burn with a soft bright



*A Versatile Artist*

flame, and to be absolutely inodorous, shares the depressing influences of the season, and departing from its ordinary ways, flickers and throbs and smells. The fog is dense outside, and it might be midnight instead of mid-day for aught that I can tell. The only indication of the hour comes from the fact that the street-lamps are not lighted, in spite of the Egyptian darkness, and I know therefrom, and only therefrom, that this is day. I have been reading the newspapers, and they hold nothing but sorrowful matter. Here in every column is the same story of distress, the same wail of theft and hunger, and threatenings of war. A doleful time. I am by profession—as my *imprimatur* at top has for some years past signified—a Captious Critic. I am used to grumble, but my complaints have not been unspiced by some little merriment of feeling. I have jangled my bells and wagged my cockscomb whilst I made complaint, and you could see always that I was but half in earnest in my cynical growlings. But no man can jest for ever—no man can complain playfully in the face of real tragedy. Cap shall be doffed and bells laid down, and at this season of the year, which has been joyous, and will be joyous yet to many, yet is fraught with the terrors of death and hunger to so many many more, I will speak the words of soberness. In these little theatres of which it is my business to talk to you commonly there is nothing so terrible that our tears may not be easily dried, though they play their mournfullest tragedy. But in that greater theatre, wherein all men play in earnest, there are such tragedies just now going on as I am not old enough to remember having seen before. There is no "versatile artiste" who is playing so many parts just now upon that mimic stage with which these slight columns commonly deal as Death is playing at large just now. Let him deck himself as he may, however, we know his lantern jaws. We have seen those lack-lustre eyes, and those meagre bones aforetime. He dances, this melancholy merry-maker, at this gleeful season, and our hearts grow solemn at his mirth.



*The Demon Schoolboard, awaiting the approach of the Pantomime Faries*

Shall I tell you why I have chosen this mournful vein? Is it not enough, think you, that all the misery and distress which have their home amongst us should be really here, without any miserable little crotchets of yours or mine adding to their list of victims? Is it of any use to be angry? I know of people, I—*moi qui vous parle*—between whom and these grisly terrors of cold and hunger one or two little children stand with protecting hands. The common process of nature is reversed in these pathetic cases, and the little children guard the parents who are no longer able to guard the little children. Whilst they fill this tender office they bring innocent mirth to thousands. They give delight and hurt not, like the fairy airs heard in Prospero's magic island. These little creatures bring in, by their harmless toil, the coals which drive away cold, the food which robs famine of its opportunity; they wield in their chubby little hands the weapon which holds the terrible wolf from the door. Could anything with a heart inside it, think you, slip in between these household fairies and their kindly work? Is it worth while for a crotchet sake to spend the spell which shall bind them from these sacred efforts? Yet here, look you, is the School Board Demon waiting behind the door to freeze these good little Liliputians, and put them in icy bands and hold them there, so that they shall fill no more mouths and bring no more coal to the home garret and no more blankets to the shivering frame. Let me ask once more—is this worth while?



## THE MAGAZINES.

*Macmillan* has some excellent articles of the solid sort, among which Mr. Lamy Meason's on "Our Army in India" is especially worth reading at this juncture. The writer dwells forcibly upon the disastrous effects which must inevitably follow upon the present dearth of European officers. It is startling to find how terribly under-officered, both the European and native forces in India are. M. E. B. Tylor's "Backgammon among the Aztecs" is a curious and interesting paper, and Professor Blackie's verses entitled "My Walk" possess all the writer's well-known vigour and force.

*Cornhill* has a good paper on "London's Imaginary Conversations," one of the best and soundest criticisms of that writer we have seen. Mr. H. L. St. Barbe tells the romantic stories of "Their Burmese Heroines," and seems to have collected a considerable amount of Burmese lore availing himself to the full of his opportunities as civil commissioner out there. "For Percival" is ended. It is a clever tale in every respect, and the subject is especially pleasing, but it is spun out to too great length, and there is a perverseness about the delineation of the principal characters which robs them of our sympathy.

In the *Gentleman's* Mr. James Payne has an amusing tale entitled "No. 47," which turns upon the cleverness of a waiter as an amateur detective. Mr. H. Schultz Wilson contributes searching and appreciative criticism of Zolo's new novel, *L'Assommoir*, and there is a good paper, "Fancy Love Among Savages." "Table Talk" is capital this month.

*Temple Bar* has a very interesting sketch of Thomas Holcroft, the author of "The Road to Ruin," a thrilling account of "A Red Cross Ride through Snow and Death," to relieve the Turkish prisoners taken at Plevna; a fair paper on Balzac, and an amusing short story entitled "The Rich Miss Hanley." "The First Violin" is brought to a close; a clever and original tale, but somewhat awkwardly told.

In *London Society* the best things are "Club Cameos"—the man of culture is cleverly drawn—"Education of the Streets," and "Sighs from a Workhouse." The illustrations are fair.

*Belgravia* has a very interesting paper on "Theatrical Make-shifts and Blunders," by Mr. Barton Baker, which contains some capital anecdotes. Mrs. Lynn Lynton contributes some graphic "Pictures from Venice," and there is an extraordinary paper entitled "An Imperial Pardon," which reveals Russian barbarity in a new and hideous phase. We do not know that we have read anything more terrible. Mr. Francillon's tale, "One by One," is weird and ghastly, but well told.

*Scribner's* has a magnificently illustrated article on "Bird Architecture," which is the gem of the number. There is also a paper on "Undergraduate Life at Oxford," which is well worth reading as a thoughtful American's impressions of university life in England.

The *University Magazine* has an excellent portrait of Mr. William Spottiswoode, with Memoir; and the "Notes and Reminiscences" of the late W. H. Harrison are particularly entertaining this month.

*Baily's* has a good portrait of that popular M.F.H., Mr. Savile Foljambe, M.P.; and among the contributions those most especially deserving of mention are "Amphion's" spirited lines on "The Cock of the Woods," "F. G.'s" characteristic and manly defence of the great walk at the Agricultural Hall, and a capital paper on Rook-Hawking—a sport with which few of our readers are probably acquainted, but which well deserves the patronage of true lovers of sport.

The *Argosy* has a double number in honour of Christmas, and it is crammed full of good things. "Pomeroy Abbey" is concluded, and the short tales and sketches are all very readable.

The *Atlantic Monthly* contains the continuation of the admirable paper on "Florence—St. Mary and the Flower," a warm defence of General Sheridan, and particularly of his conduct at the battle of Winchester, confirming Mr. Thomas Reid Buchanan's poetic version of the famous "Ride;" and a curious tale entitled "The Other Fellow," which may refer to supernatural agency, or *delirium tremens*—the latter, perhaps, from choice.

## CHRISTMAS ANNUALS.

*The Mystery of Roaring Meg.* By B. L. FARJEON. With Illustrations by Wallis Mackay. Tinsley Bros.—Mr. Farjeon's Christmas number of *Tinsley's Magazine* is not a piece of his best work, but it is distinctly superior to his "Solomon Isaacs," last year, which was commonplace to a painful degree. Mr. Farjeon has utilised his recent American experiences, and laid his scene in California or thereabouts. The story is on the whole a stirring and interesting one, but would have been all the better for the omission of that foolish conceit of Prince and Princess Argental, which has an air of silliness about it that is aggravating. Mr. Wallis Mackay's illustrations faithfully render the author's conception. Those on page 6 and page 39 strike us as being especially good.

*A Gilded Pill.* By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, is the title of the Christmas number of *Once a Week*. Mr. Fenn always writes with spirit and fluency, and those qualities are not wanting in the tale before us. It is fortunate, however, that the reader is not made aware of the nature of Dick's brilliant secret until the very last page of the story, otherwise the absurdity of the idea would spoil his enjoyment of the interesting details of the tale. It is asking too much of us, Mr. Fenn, to ask us to believe that a penniless cobbler could by the invention of a patent pill realise a magnificent fortune in less than eighteen months. Readers of Christmas stories can swallow a good deal, but no gullet can be large enough to take down this gilded pill.

*The Winter Number of Vanity Fair* is principally remarkable for its aristocratic list of contributors, which embraces the Dukes of Beaufort and Manchester, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Countess of Stradbroke, and the Countess Bathynany. Each of these notabilities writes, and writes well, upon his or her specialty. There is a striking full-page portrait of the Prince of Wales.

*The Mystery of Mostyn Manor.* By ARTHUR A. BECKETT. Arthur H. Moxon. Mr. A. Beckett has spoiled what might have been a good story by slovenliness and haste. The idea is an excellent one, but the author has been in too much of a hurry to do justice to it. The trial scene is very poorly managed, and the extraordinary way in which the writer plays ducks and drakes with the progress of time after the sentence is simply maddening to the reader. In one paragraph we are told it was the day but one before the execution; the next paragraph tells us "the days passed rapidly away"; further on we are informed of the visit of the officials to announce the day of execution; then again further on a paragraph commences "A few days before the fatal date." This is not only perplexing but exasperating, and it is slips like these which mar Mr. A. Beckett's story, good though the idea be.

*The Christmas Number of London Society* is a good one. The *Pièce de résistance* is "The Master of the Golden House, and his Five Gold Knockers," a somewhat original story, and by no means badly told. There are several other tales which well sustain the reputation which this magazine has long held for the excellence of its Christmas numbers.

*The Christmas Number of the Victoria Magazine* contains a

good portrait of Miss Emily Faithfull, and several tales and sketches by well-known authors.

*Arrows from the Bow* is the title of the Christmas number of the *Quiver*. It contains tales and papers by well-known writers, and some capital illustrations.

*The Poet's Magazine* has a special number which contains a tale and a dramatic poem by Mr. Leonard Lloyd, both of which are of fair average amateur merit.

*The St. James's* issue a double number like its contemporaries. The contents are of the usual type, but unmistakably amateurish in tone and style.

*The Charing Cross Magazine* calls its Christmas number "One Shilling Reward." Why, it is difficult to say. So far as quantity is concerned, the bill of fare is tremendous—the quality is of the sort which the magazine usually supplies.

Mr. Frank Barrett contributes the whole of the Christmas number of *Mirth*. It is a single story, entitled "The Finding of the Ice Queen," and can hold its own against any of its rivals for spirit and "go."

The Christmas number of *The World* contains some excellent stories of a seasonable character, a very fine drawing by Luke Fildes, and a group of people at the play, ninety-two in number, each being a portrait of some well-known man or woman, the whole embracing the round of the profession, and people in what we term society.

## VETERINARIAN.

## No. 5.—THE DETECTION OF LAMENESS IN HORSES.

## SHOULDER LAMENESS.

It is necessary to point out that there are three forms of shoulder lameness. 1. From the disease of the shoulder-joint itself, which is very rare. 2. From sprain of the muscle, which answers to our biceps, and is called *flexor brachii*. 3. From sprain or injury to those muscles situated about the shoulder-joint, which have to act the part of ligaments or binders to the joint, owing to the shoulder-joint being a large, loosely-bound one—if, indeed, it can be said to be bound together at all. Note.—In the right shoulder we very occasionally find slight temporary lameness through reflected pain when the liver is out of order. This cause is rare, but should not be lost sight of.

*Sign of shoulder lameness.*—We have one unmistakeable sign, namely, the swinging round in an outward direction of the affected limb in walking and trotting. The limb is swung round much in the same way, and precisely for the same reasons, that a person wearing a peg leg from the knee downwards swings round his leg in advancing.

*To distinguish one form from another.*—The lameness of the joint itself is so rare, also the lameness in the right shoulder is so rare, that we may in practice cast both out. Now we have to distinguish between the two remaining causes, both muscular. If it be from either cause, and recent, we shall have slight enlargement, which we find by comparison with the fellow shoulder, by inspection and by feel; we shall also have tenderness on pressure *all over*; but in the case of lameness from sprained biceps we shall have pain evinced only when we grasp the head of this muscle as it passes over the point of the shoulder. In all shoulder lameness, except from liver disease, the muscles are apt to waste away, and the shoulder to pine. We may notice lastly that when the shoulder joint is the cause we have either (a) a history of rheumatism, or (b) a history of injury.

## ELBOW JOINT.

Disease in this joint is so rare that many veterinarians doubt its very existence. Rheumatism may cause it.

## KNEE JOINT.

This joint is almost as free from disease as the elbow, and a practical veterinarian never suspects it. If, however, the knee has been "broken" severely, then either the bones or the ligaments or both are affected and we have stiffness and inability to bend the knee when walking or trotting.

*Signs of knee lameness.*—The hair of the knee shows any injury which the joint has sustained from a fall or repeated falls, either (1) by its absence; (2) by its not lying properly from being stiffer than its fellow hair; or (3) by change of colour, generally to white. Practically the knee ought not to be suspected if the hair of the knee is all right.

Note—"Speedy-cut" affecting the knee and causing lameness leaves its own peculiar mark and cannot be mistaken.

## SPLINT LAMENESS.

*Principal sign.*—The horse walks nearly sound, but nods or drops in trotting to an extraordinary extent. The other signs are the discovery of the splint itself, with its accompanying heat and tenderness. If the horse is over seven years old, although he may have numerous splints, he is seldom or never lame from them unless they interfere mechanically with his action. In splint lameness the further a horse goes the lamer he becomes, whilst in navicular disease it is the reverse.

## BACK TENDONS.

These tendons are rarely the cause of lameness except in horses having long pasterns.

*Principal signs.*—There is swelling of the parts, and pain on pressure when the sprain is recent. The horse can scarcely hobble along at a walk, and in doing so, goes on his toe, which is kept pointed straight downwards.

## SUSPENSORY LIGAMENTS.

These usually suffer, from the horse having too long a pastern, before the back tendons. The symptoms are the same, and when fresh done it is hard to tell which structure is affected if both are not. Lameness from sprained suspensory ligaments of some standing is detected by the feel. Have the sound foot lifted, and then run the tips of the fingers down the ligaments when so put on the stretch. Note.—When these ligaments are injured at their insertion into the two sesamoid bones which brace up the fetlock joint then this part becomes enlarged.

## NAVICULAR DISEASE.

We must preface our remarks by saying that it is usually the chronic form of this disease we are called upon to detect—i.e., when it has existed some time. When, however, it is fresh done the symptoms are precisely those of a fresh sprained back tendon or suspensory ligament.

Contraction of the foot at the back and "pointing" when standing are neither of them, or both together, signs of this disease, because a bad corn or any painful affection at the back of the foot will cause "pointing," and eventually contraction. But when we have contraction and pointing, and nothing can be found by examining the leg or searching the foot to account for them, then we fairly conclude it is navicular disease we have to do with.

*Stiffness of the shoulder or shoulders.*—This stiffness and stiltiness is well seen on first coming out of the stable, but the lameness often wears off after going awhile in all but the worst cases.

We have given the principal symptoms of navicular disease, which are nearly always of a negative character, and require a mental process of elimination. We know of no disease requiring the services of a veterinarian more for its detection than this, especially when it occurs in a fine open foot, as it often does. We have mentioned a discoloration of the horny sole about the point

of the frog as a symptom of this disease. This discoloration is not to be found in many cases, but it is a sure sign when it does occur.

## CORN.

A corn lames a horse when it is either bad of itself or when, in slighter cases, the shoe presses upon it. We have shown how to discover a corn by searching the foot. Corn lameness gives rise to nodding whilst trotting, very well marked. If our rule of examining the foot in all cases of lameness be adhered to we shall never overlook a corn.

## SEEDY TOE.

In seedy toe we have the symptoms of foot lameness, when lameness exists at all. We discover "seedy toe" by tapping the front of each foot with a small hammer, when the hollow sound given by a seedy toe is characteristic.

## SAND-CRACK.

These cracks are situated in the inside wall of the fore feet, and in the front wall of the hind feet. A sand-crack only causes lameness when the crack extends down to the quick, or when the crack has not been properly treated. The lameness is very great in walking, as well as trotting. We look for and find the offending crack, unless it has been neatly plastered up by a rogue. Even in this case it is unpardonable even for a novice to overlook it.

## FALSE QUARTER.

Exactly the same may be said of false quarter. If looked for, it will readily be found.

## GATHERED NAILS, PRICKS IN SHOEING.

Both these sources of lameness we have dealt with in our remarks on the examination of the foot.

## FLAT, WEAK FEET.

These are a frequent source of lameness. The arch formed by the sole of the foot is too low, and the sole itself thin and weak. When the shoes are on we discover this state of things by lifting the foot and finding the amount of iron in the shoe much more than in ordinary shoes, and the "cover" is also much greater. The relative height of the arch of the sole cannot be well determined unless we have the shoes removed and compare the two arches; or if both are low, compare the sole with the rim of the hoof.

*Sign of weak, thin soles.*—Put on a pair of ordinary shoes, and the lessened weight of iron will cause the horse to trot in a "feely" manner, like a cat on hot bricks.

(To be concluded.)

The new piece produced at the Odéon a few nights ago by the author of *Les Danicheffs*, this time without collaboration, is tolerably sensational, as may be gathered from the following outline of the plot:—The Princess Borowski, who gives her name to the play, being separated from her husband, who for revolt has been exiled to Siberia, listens to the addresses of the prince's cousin Ladislav, and upon hearing that her husband is included in an amnesty accorded by the Czar, hastens to accuse him of a crime that he had never committed, so that her guilty intercourse with the Baron Ladislav may not be disturbed. But her plans are defeated by Wanda, the prince's daughter by a former wife, and after Borowski's return, which takes place suddenly, there follows a most dramatic scene, culminating in the princess and her lover shooting themselves upon the stage.

A PARIS telegram says the theatre at Constantine, Algeria, was burned down last week.

LAST week the "Papingo" prize, instituted by the late Sir John Robison, was shot for in the butts at Archers' Hall, Edinburgh, by the Royal Company of Archers, Queen's Body Guard for Scotland, and, after a close competition, was gained by Dr. W. A. Jamieson.

THE English cricketers, under the captaincy of Lord Harris, arrived at Melbourne from Adelaide on the 18th inst.

THE committee of management of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption have, says the *World*, decided that a ward shall be named after the late lamented Major Whyte-Melville, on account of his liberal contributions, amounting in the aggregate to £1,600, and the great interest he always felt in its welfare.

PHILADELPHIA papers contain long accounts of the death and funeral of Robert Heller, the well-known magician, who died very suddenly in the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, on the 28th of November, from congestion of the lungs. Deceased was a native of Devonshire, and his real name was William Henry Palmer. He is reputed to have left a fortune of between £60,000 and £70,000.

A NEW musical fairy entertainment of a very charming kind, called *Enchantment*, with new and beautiful scenery, has been introduced by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed. It is full of music and fun, and goes with unflinching spirit from first to last.

THE Lord Chamberlain, hearing that Zeeo, the accomplished lady gymnast, whose clever performances have been so attractive at the Alexandra Palace, had been engaged for the Alhambra Theatre, has prohibited her appearance.

WE have received from Messrs. Letts & Son a few of their seasonable introductions in the form of a liquid ink pencil—an admirable instrument for rapid writers; a box of useful domestic labels, such as every system-loving lady housekeeper should possess; the little pocket-diary for 1879 (No. 24), the pocket-book diary—one of the smallest and most compact we have seen—and a larger but still small and portable diary (No. 13), all of which are articles of great utility and excellence.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

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THE AFGHAN DIFFICULTY seems likely to try the endurance of our troops to the utmost. It cannot be too often repeated that in all cases of great bodily exertion there is nothing so sustaining as that delicious Liqueur, GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY. Captain Boyton used it in his memorable swim across the Channel, and has publicly testified to its wonderful efficacy. Persons with weak constitutions should take it. Apply to all Wine Merchants, at all Bars and Restaurants, or to Thomas Grant, Distiller, Maidstone.—[ADVT.]

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MORE CURES OF THROAT AND CHEST DISORDERS (this week) by DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Midgley, 100, Wellington-road, Toxteth Park, Liverpool, Dec. 23, 1878. "As a preventative to Throat and Chest Affections, and all Bronchial Disorders, they are invaluable." Sold 1s. 1½d. per box.—[ADVT.]



THE STORY OF OLD DRURY.

BY A. H. WALL.  
(Continued from page 283.)

CHAPTER II.

AFTER THE RESTORATION.

KILLIGREW'S new theatre in Drury Lane occupied a site which had been known as the Riding Yard, which site it has ever since retained. The building measured one hundred and twelve feet in one direction, and in the other fifty-nine. Its actors were privileged to wear the royal uniform of scarlet and silver, the materials for which were duly presented to them at the royal cost, and in their warrants from the Lord Chamberlain (who then supplanted the old Master of the Revels, much to the latter's annoyance) they were styled "Gentlemen of the Great Chamber." They opened their new playhouse with a tragi-comedy in five acts, by Beaumont and Fletcher, which was highly successful, and ran for twelve successive nights. The following is a copy of the bill of the play:—

BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMPANY OF COMEDIANS

At the New Theatre in Drury Lane,  
This day, being Thursday, April 8th, 1663,

Will be acted

A comedy call'd

THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

The King ... ..	Mr. Winterset.
Demetrius ... ..	Mr. Hart.
Seleivus ... ..	Mr. Byrt.
Leontivs ... ..	Major Mohun.
Lieutenant ... ..	Mr. Clon.
Celia ... ..	Mrs. Marshall.

This play will begin at three o'clock exactly.  
Boxes, 4s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; middle gallery, 1s. 6d.;  
and upper gallery, 1s.

In the 'coarse old play' thus represented there was probably much omitted. Certainly there are many more characters in it than the above bill mentions, the cast being, in fact, a very full one, with many supernumerary male and female parts. In the quaint old prologue its speaker says:—

We have a play, a new play, to play now,  
And thus low in our play's behalf we bow;  
We bow to beg your suffrage, and kind ear;  
If it were naught, or that it might appear  
A thing buoy'd up by prayer, gentlemen,  
Believe my faith, you should not see me then.  
Let them speak then who've power to stop a storm:  
I never lov'd to feel a house so warm:  
But for the play, if you dare credit me,  
I think it well. All new things you shall see,  
And these disposed to all the mirth that may:  
And short enough, we hope. And such a play  
You were wont to like. Sit nobly, then, and see.  
If it miscarry, pray look not for me.

The prices were at first higher than they were some few years afterwards when, as we find in Mrs. Behn's epilogue to her play, *The Dutch Lover* (1673), the price of the boxes was not four shillings, but half-a-crown. Three o'clock was then selected as being after dinner-time; but as the dinner-hour grew gradually later, the time for commencing the performance was also suitably postponed. Four o'clock is the time announced on play-bills of a somewhat later date.

Killigrew's company was a famous one, which had previously won repute at the new theatre at Gibbon's Tennis Court, Vere Street, Clare Market, and at the Red Bull Theatre. From the former house they came direct to the new building.

Killigrew, who in his boyhood had been a page of honour to Charles the First, had shared the exile of "the Merry Monarch" when Prince of Wales, had visited France, Italy, and Spain, and had married one of Queen Henrietta's Maids of Honour—Mrs. Cecilia Cross. He was the king's especial friend and favourite, obtaining access to his royal master at all times, even when the first peers of the realm failed to obtain it. He treated Charles with a degree of easy familiarity and boldness of which many amusing anecdotes are still extant. He had studied the drama where it flourished most abroad, and he brought to his position as manager of Drury Lane many new ideas, together with seven new plays of his own writing, one of which *The Princess; or, Love at First Sight*, followed close upon the withdrawal of *The Humorous Lieutenant*. Most of the others were produced at Drury Lane in the year following. Speaking of what he had done for the improvement of the stage, Killigrew was wont to boast "that by his pains that stage was a

thousand times better and more glorious than heretofore. Now," he said, in a conversation with Pepys, "wax candles and more of them, then not above three pounds of tallow; now all things civil, no rudeness anywhere, then as in a bear garden; then two or three fiddlers, now ten of the best; then nothing but rushes on the ground and everything else mean, now all otherwise; then the queen seldom, and the king never would come; now not the king only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any."

Charles Hart, a son of Shakespeare's sister's son, was the great actor of this company. He had fought for the king as captain of a troop of horse during the Civil War. As an actor Hart—who made his first appearance in 1659—won from his contemporaries the most enthusiastic laudation. Rochester called him the Roscius of his age; Rymer tells us that even the "most wretched of characters" received from his acting such "lustre and brilliance" that the dazzled sight failed to detect the poet's short-comings; and Betterton—whose remark concerning his acting I have already quoted—imitated him. Playgoing Samuel Pepys, secretary to the Admiralty, was one of his admirers, and amongst the ladies of the court he was in high favour. His salary was £3 per week before he became a shareholder when it produced him a thousand a year. In Betterton's "History of the English Stage" he gives a list of the chief parts in which Hart shone most brilliantly, showing that both in tragedy and comedy his qualities were of the highest order.

Burt, who had fought for the king as cornet of a cavalry regiment, excelled in tragedy.

Major Michael Mohun was a talented tragic actor, specially admired by the king, for whose father he, too, had fought, hence his military rank. Of him Lee, the dramatist, said, somewhat vaguely, "O Mohun, Mohun, thou little man of mettle, if I should write a hundred plays I would write a part for thy mouth."

Clun also was an actor of high rank in his profession, who had become famous as a personator of Shakespeare's Iago. He did not long remain a member of the company, for in the year following the opening of the King's Theatre, when making his way home to Highgate through the lonely fields where now is the Kentish Town-road, he was set upon and murdered.

Of Mr. Winterset I can find no record.

About the beautiful Mrs. Anne Marshall special interest centres, for it is most probable that she was—as Malone and others have considered—the first of our professional actresses. When she was playing Desdemona at the Red Bull Theatre, on December 10, 1660, under the management of Killigrew, the prologue apologising for the introduction of actresses mentioned her as "the first woman that came to act on the stage"—not necessarily for the first time on that occasion, as several of my predecessors in this field of histrionic investigation have supposed, for there is sufficient reason to believe that she had appeared often before as a member of Sir William D'Avenant's company. In Betterton's "History of the English Stage" she is thus referred to:—

"Dr. D'Avenant's company falling under Mr. Betterton's direction as to the women, he employed himself in visiting and overlooking their actions as guardian or father, and several ladies so far busied themselves as often to enter into quarrels with nephews, sons, and husbands about attempting to corrupt them. The private behaviour of these young women was frequently talked of by the ladies, extolling their virtuous resistance of the dangerous seducer—man—to the clouds, and comparing fallen nymphs with the fiends sinking to the shades below. Mrs. Betterton, encouraged by the public, joined with her own good inclinations, trod the stage without the least reproach; but the first thing that gave a damp to these endeavours, and caused her to find the guarding these ladies' virtues a task more laborious and difficult than any Hercules had imposed on him by his step-dame, was what happened to the famous Mrs. Marshall, more known by the name of Roxalana from her acting that part. This lady possessed a mind which shone with a haughty and severe virtue according to the harshness of the age. She was attacked by, and had withstood, the Earl of Oxford in every form an artful gallant could put on. Grown mad with love and her repulses, he formed a plot to get her by force, intending to seize her as she went from the house after she had been acting this part, which being made known to her by some real friend, she obtained a party of the king's

guard to protect her. When her chaise appeared the nobleman began his assault, but was valiantly repulsed, and she was safely conducted home.

"This adventure was the whole talk of the court and town. The ladies applauded her resolution secretly, not a little pleased to see their sex's resolute behaviour in Roxalana. Many parties were found both for and against her. The fanatics cried out, saying it was a shame they should bring up girls in the school of Venus, teaching them such airs and tricks to tempt mankind. The gentry liked the diversion, alleging the greater temptation the greater the glory to resist, saying that ladies were bred up in virtuous sentiments, their minds improved by high ideas, and encouraged by the patronage of the good and the great.

"However, in this affair the king himself, having the story represented to him in the blackest light, interposed, under his majesty, with a freedom natural to one of the best-tempered princes; told the earl he thought the vice (though perhaps he gave too much countenance to it by his own irregularity) bad enough with the consent of the fair, but where force or violence was used it was so heinous he would not, *though a sovereign*,\* indulge the thought of such an action, much more permit it to be done by a subject. This reproof caused the Earl to answer with some reserve. He said he would, but soon after he renewed his assault, telling her it was impossible to live without her; that her exalted virtue had inspired him with other sentiments, proposing to marry her in private. This bait Roxalana greedily swallowed, her vanity inclining her to believe the earl sincere. In short, the earl comes, brings his coachman dressed like a minister, marries her, and took her down to one of his country seats, where, soon growing weary of her, he pulled off the mask, and with scorn bid her return to the stage. Upon that she threw herself at the king's feet, who countenanced her so far that he made the earl allow her £500 per year, and as long as her son lived would not suffer him to marry any other lady; but on the child's death, the concern for so ancient a family's becoming extinct (the earl being the last of it) His Majesty through great intercession was prevailed on to permit of the earl's re-marriage."

At Rutland House, where D'Avenant introduced his melodramas, one of the first so produced was his own *Siege of Rhodes* (printed in 1679), in which a Mrs. Coleman sang as Ianthe, and another lady sang as Roxalana, and as Roxalana only does she appear to have been known, for beyond what is found in the above extract, and which appears to have been generally overlooked, there is no record of her real name.†

It may not be uninteresting to my readers if I here give an extract from the prologue referred to above, which Malone discovered in a scarce collection of poems, entitled "A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie" (published in 1664):—

A virtuous woman may  
Abhor all sorts of looseness, and yet play:  
Play on the stage—where all eyes are upon her:  
Shall we count that a crime France counts an honour?

For to speak truth, men act that are between  
Forty and fifty wench of fifteen,  
With bone so large, and nerve so incontinent,  
When you call Desdemona—enter Giant!

Mrs. Marshall was one of the six daughters of a famous independent divine, Stephen Marshall, vicar of Finchfield, in Essex—he who preached Pym's funeral sermon. He was a very kind and too indulgent parent, and rather in sorrow than in anger marked his gay and giddy girls' conduct as they went from one "good house" to another, eating cheesecakes and custards, following "the height of fashion with changeable taffetas and naked necks, insomuch that the godly party were sorely scandalised at it, but durst not complain, because it was Mr. Marshall who was concerned." Stephen himself was not without a hankering after "the flesh pots," for when safe in the secrecy of his bed-room it is recorded that he would read himself to sleep with old play-books and romances, to which we may be sure, his girls had access. It was on the boards of "Old Drury," then, we may, I think, fairly infer that the greatest triumphs of the first English actress were achieved, a fact or a feature of no small importance in its story.

(To be continued.)

\* The italics are mine.—A. H. W.  
† This character has been confused more than once with Roxana in Lee's play of *The Rival Queens*.

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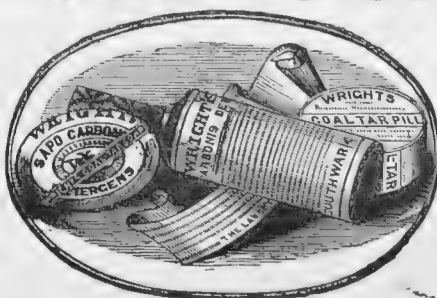
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## CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS.

(Continued from page 358.)

*Cassell's Library of English Literature* (Vol. III., "English Plays").—As a standard work of great permanent value Professor Morley's contribution to histrionic literature will always retain high rank. For conscientious thoroughness and studious care in its method of compilation and arrangement it is unsurpassed, and whether it be taken up by the reader or the student it will be sure both to instruct and amuse. The following extract may be received as a fair sample of the way in which the volume has been executed:—

## WHAT IS A PLAY, AND WHICH WAS THE FIRST PLAY?

"A play is the story of one human action, shown throughout by imagined words and deeds of the persons concerned in it, artfully developing a problem in human life, and ingeniously solving it after having excited strong natural interest and curiosity as to the manner of solution. It must not be too long to be presented to spectators at a single sitting. A work wanting in any one of these requirements is either no play at all, or a bad play. It must be a story of action, not a recital of thought in the form of a dialogue, and it must be the story of a single action, its whole sequence of events bound together by their relation of cause or effects to the main incident, on which all turns. When two stories are interwoven, they must be necessary to each other, and so blended as to become one to the understanding. This one story is not written to be only read, but to be shown; the persons of it seeming, actually to appear, and speak, and act; their words and deeds must also be imagined for them, not literally repeated out of chronicles, and must be shaped by the poet's art to excite human interest in the development of some problem of human life. Mere imitation of a piece of life in dialogue is not a play. The incidents shown must be ingeniously contrived to appeal to the natural feelings of spectators; they must tie a knot in human affairs more or less intricate, excite curiosity as to the way of its untying, and then succeed in using the best force of intellect to untie it fitly. As the work is to be shown to spectators, its length must be proportioned to their physical power of sitting at ease to hear it through; and for right apprehension of a play, when read at home for the first time, it is necessary that the reader should, like the spectator, not approach it till he knows that he has the time required for giving his whole mind to it, and taking all in at one sitting. Full appreciation comes only by later study of detail, but there can be no safe study of detail in any work of genius before it has been allowed to make its natural impression as a whole upon a mind simply and unreservedly receptive of its influence. The first conditions of a true dramatic literature were developed by the genius of ancient Greece, and from analysis of the plays of Æschylus (who lived from B.C. 525 to B.C. 456), Sophocles (B.C. 495 to 405), Euripides (B.C. 480 to 406), and others; Aristotle (B.C. 385 to 322) drew in his poems, more than two thousand years ago, the first critical distinction of the parts of a good play. The Greek dramatists were imitated by the Romans, who first came into contact with Greek literature after the taking of Tarentum in the year 272 B.C. The first Latin play was produced by Livius Andronicus in the year before Christ 240. Plays were written also by his contemporary, Cæcilius Nevius, the first Roman poet of mark—a poet from whom Virgil did not disdain to borrow. A year after the production of the first Roman play Ennius was born, who wrote at least twenty-five tragedies, based upon Greek examples, of which only fragments remain. He died in the year 169 B.C., outliving the great comic poet Plautus, who died in the year before Christ 184, and of whom twenty comedies are extant. The comedies of Plautus, with those of Terence, who was about nine years old when Plautus died, and the tragedies of the Roman philosopher Seneca, who died by command of Nero, A.D. 65, represented the old Latin dramatic literature to mediæval scholars, who knew but little of Greek; and thus Plautus and Terence for comedy, Seneca for tragedy, represented to most scholars the old classical drama down even to Shakespeare's time. Out of the study and imitation of these plays in schools and universities the modern drama most distinctly rose. It would so have arisen if there had never been any miracle plays. It did not in any way arise out of the miracle plays. Miracle plays did not pass into morality plays, nor did morality plays afterwards pass into true dramas. Miracle plays are one thing, moralities are another thing: each form of writing has its own distinct beginning, aim, and end. They are two different forms of literature, one arising out of the Church Services, the other an offshoot from the allegorical didactic poem. When the two forms of literature were both used, they were occasionally mixed, but there never was a time at which one changed into the other. Like the drama proper, they turn to account the instinct for imitation that has in a sense made actors of all children born into the world, and thus they may claim cousinship with our drama that had its beginning in the sixteenth century; they are its cousins, not its parents.

In the account given of the *Shepherds' Play*, which formed an interlude between the Old Testament and New Testament section of each series, it is said that the series acted at Wakefield, known as the 'Towneley Mysteries,' because they were first printed from a MS. in Towneley Hall, included two such interludes, either of which might be taken; and as one happens to develop a short farcical story, which accidentally fulfils the requisite conditions, it so becomes our earliest known piece of acted drama. The other pieces of this kind represent only jest and sport of the shepherds, until they heard the song of the angels, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men.' When they first mock they are subdued, follow the angels to kneel before the infant Christ in the manger, present their simple offerings, and rise into a higher life. But in this North-country jest it happens that the shepherd who especially plays the Clown's part is represented as a noted sheep-stealer, who steals a sheep. This act has consequences. There is a rustic problem of life to be solved, and a sequence of incidents that, however ridiculous, contain the elements of a dramatic plot. We have only to break off before the angels' song falls on the shepherds' ears, and we may say that we have here the first English play."

*Shakespeare and his Contemporaries, &c.* By WILLIAM TEGG, F.R.H.S. (London: W. Tegg and Co.).—Although this is a very commonplace piece of semi-mechanical book-making, dealing with nothing more in the way of material than the best known works on the subject supply in cut and dried order, yet it is a good interesting volume, and one that—in the absence of something more complete and thorough—is heartily welcome. Although there is nothing to move our special admiration; there is nothing to find special fault with, and now in days of careless and slovenly compiling, that is an appreciative fact. We append the following extract on:—

## THE CLOWNS AND FOOLS OF SHAKESPEARE.

The ancient dramatists were often, perhaps improperly, in the habit of using the expressions "clown" and "fool" synonymously;

and, as the eminent antiquary and Shakspearian student, Francis Douce—to whose exhaustive work on the subject we shall be largely indebted in this chapter—says, "Their confused introduction might render this doubtful to one who had considered the matter." The "clown"—primarily a rustic, or shrewd domestic—might, possession of a ready, if coarse wit, and a due modicum of vulgar impudence, amuse occasionally by his artless remarks and repartees, and thus trench on the province of the "fool," who was either specially retained to entertain those who found him in food and clothing, as a professional jester and buffoon, or was a creature of weak intellect, whose antics were considered laughable. Shakspeare extracts fun from any low character that appears in his scenes; he seems to be aware that his clowns were rather more highly coloured than if he had copied "Nature unadorned" in their delineation, and he consequently admonishes the players in *Hamlet* thus—"Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down to them; for there be of them that will make themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it" (Act III. sc. 2). No doubt the practice, now called "gagging," but in our bard's time alluded to as "extemporal wit," of adding to the author's words in comic parts, was indulged in by low comedians, and in the case of William Kempe was even commended as a merit. To this folly allusions are made in a clever satire, entitled "Pasquil's Mad-cappe, throwne at the Corruptions of these Times," 1626:—

Tell country players, that old paltry jests  
Pronounced in a painted motley coate,  
Filled all the world so full of cuckoo's nests  
That nightingales can scarcely sing a note.  
Oh! bid them turn their minds to better meanings,  
Filds are ill-sowne that give no better gleanings.

Sir Philip Sydney reprobates the custom of introducing fools on the stage; and declares that the plays of his time were neither right-tragedies nor right-comedies, for the authors mingled kings and clowns, "not," says he, "because the matter so carried it, but thrust in the clowne by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decencie nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel, tragie-comedie obtained." Rankin, a Puritan, contemporary with Shakspeare, wrote a most bitter attack on plays and players, whom he calls monsters, "and whie monsters?" says he: "because under colour of humanities they present nothing but prodigious vanitie; these are wels without water, dead branches fit for fuel, cockle amongst corne, unwholesome weedes amongst sweete hearbes, and, finallie, feends that are crept into the worlde by stealth, and hold possession by subtilt invasion." In another place he says: "Some transformed themselves to roges, other to ruffians, some other to clownes, a fourth to foolles; the roges were ready, the ruffians were rude, theyr clownes cladde as well with country condition as with ruffe russet; theyr foolles as fond as might be." To give a clear view of the subject, something of the different sort of fools may be thus classed:—

- I. *The general domestic fool*, termed often, but improperly, a clown; described by Puttenham as "a buffonne or counterfet foole."
- II. *The clown*, who was generally a mere country booby or a witty rustic.
- III. *The female fool*, generally an idiot.
- IV. *The City or Corporation fool*, an assistant in public entertainments.
- V. *The tavern fool*, retained to amuse the customers.
- VI. *The fool of the ancient mysteries and moralities* otherwise the vice.
- VII. *The fool in the old dumb shows*, often alluded to by Shakspeare.
- VIII. *The fool in the Whitsun ales and morris dance*.
- IX. *The mountebank's fool, or merry Andrew*.

There may be others in our ancient dramas, of an irregular kind, not reducible to any of these classes; but what have been given will enable our readers to determine what category such characters should be placed in when they meet them in plays of our bard or his contemporaries. The practice of retaining fools is clearly traceable to the earliest periods of history; they were to be found in establishments belonging to persons of every grade in Society. The Pope had his fool, and the most disreputable haunts of vice and debauchery, even the abodes of beggars and thieves, commanded their mirthful services. Even during the period of our Saxon history the custom appears to have existed, and we know that it did in the reign of William the Conqueror. Maitre Waice, an historia of period circa the Conquest, gives an account of the preservation of the Duke of Normandy's life by his fool, Goles; and, in Domesday Book mention is made of Berdiâ jocularis regis; and though this term sometimes denoted a minstrel, evidence might be adduced to prove that, in this instance, it signified a buffoon. The accounts of the household expenses of our kings contain many payments and rewards of fools, foreign and domestic.

Dr. Fuller, speaking of the Court jester, remarks, in his usual quaint way, that it is an office which none but he that hath wit can perform, and none but he that wants it will perform. The names of many of these buffoons are preserved; they continued an appurtenance of the English Court to a late period. Mucklejohn, the fool of Charles I., the successor of Archie Armstrong, was perhaps the last regular personage of that kind. The downfall of Royalty and the Puritanical manners that came in vogue, banished this privileged satirist, and, at the Restoration it was deemed of no moment to restore the office, for the stories told of Killigrew, as jester to Charles II., are without authority. The discontinuance of the Court fool influenced the manners of private life, and from one of Shadwell's plays we find that it was then unfashionable for the great to retain domestic fools. Yet Dean Swift wrote an epitaph on Dicky Pearce, the Earl of Suffolk's fool, buried in Berkeley Churchyard, 18th June, 1728. Lord Chancellor Talbot kept a Welsh jester named Rees Pengelding; he was a shrewd fellow, and rented a farm from his master. The steward, who had been a tailor, and bore him a grudge, put in execution for his rent, saying surlily, "I'll fit you, Sirrah!" "Then," replied Rees, "It will be the first time in your life that you ever fitted any one."

The kind of entertainment fools afforded in Shakspeare's time may be gathered from a passage in a curious tract by Lodge, entitled "Wit's Miserie," 1599: "Immoderate and disordinate joy became incorporate in the bodie of a jester; this fellow in person is comely, in apparel courtly, but in behaviour a very ape and no man, his studie is to coin bitter jests or to show antique motions, or to sing bawdie sonnets and ballads; give him a little wine in his head, he is continually fleering and making mouths: he laughs intemperately at every little occasion and dances about the house, leaps over tables, outskips men's heads, trips up his companion's heels, burns sack with a candle, and hath all the feates of a lord of misrule in the countie: feed him in his humour, you shall have his heart; in mere kindness he will hug you in his armes, kisse you on the cheek, and, rapping out an horrible oath, crie, 'God's soule, Tum, I love you, you know my poore heart, come to my chamber for a pipe of tobacco, there lives not a man in this world that I more honour.' In these ceremonies you shall know his courting, and it is a special mark

of him at table, he sits and makes faces: keep not this fellow company, for in jingling with him your wardrobes shall be wasted, your credits crackt, your crownes consumed, and time (the most precious riches of the world) utterly lost."

Occasionally these mercenary humourists failed to please: Cardinal Perron being in company with the Duke of Mantua, the latter observed of his fool that he was "a meagre, poor-spirited buffoon." The Cardinal replied that, nevertheless, he had wit. "Why so?" demanded the Duke. "Because," replied Perron, "he lives by a trade which he does not understand."

The license allowed them was very great, but did not always afford them protection, as witness Archbishop Laud's disgraceful severity to Archie Armstrong. The Duke d'Espernon conducted himself with more discretion. Maret, the fool of Louis XIII., frequently mocked the Duke Gascon's accent, which Richelieu desired him to get rid of, at the same time counterfeiting his speech, and begging him not to take the advice in ill part. "Why should I?" replied the Duke, "when I bear as much from the king's fool, who mocks me in your presence!" Fools were no doubt treated in an arbitrary manner, according to the caprice of their patrons, for we read of Olivia saying to her jester, "Sirrah, you shall be whipped," and in *King Lear* much tenderness of treatment is evinced.

With regard to the fool's business on the stage, it was nearly the same as in reality, with this difference, that the wit was more highly seasoned; but the difficulty of learning how the theatrical fools and clowns of Shakspeare were habited was insuperable. In some cases the dramas themselves assist by references which leave little doubt; but this is not common. Artists formerly did not devote much of their time to theatrical subjects; the discovery of a single painting of this kind would be more valuable than a folio of conjectural dissertation."

*Our Old Actors.* By HENRY BARTON BAKER, with portraits. In two volumes. London: Richard Bentley and Son.—Although there is nothing new either in subject or treatment to make Mr. Baker's book stand prominently out amongst the many similar works which have been issued from time to time ever since printing and the drama were associated, yet this is essentially a good, interesting, satisfactory, and readable work. A portion of its materials have appeared recently in the pages of *Temple Bar*, but their author has not been content merely to reprint them, but with characteristic painstaking conscientiousness has revised, added to, altered, condensed, and rearranged them so as to form a kind of chronological history of the English stage, from the time of Shakspeare to that of Macready. But although the work has gained in comprehensiveness and grasp by the adoption of this idea—which is by no means original—to embody it not a little has been sacrificed in the way of detail and completeness of parts, and it is a question whether the acquirement of something already abundantly provided fairly compensates for the loss of so much that would be comparatively fresh and new. But there is this to be said for Mr. Baker's volumes: they indicate a degree of industry and thoroughness in investigation which are not conspicuous in most of those works which have covered the same ground in the same way. He is more reliable in his facts and dates, and his writing is less coloured by the prejudices of careless and unthinking reading, and has also little or none of that bumptious affectation of superiority over the original authorities which irritate us in more picturesque and sensational productions of a like nature. The following extracts on the always interesting and romantic subject of strolling will give the reader some conception of our author's style:—

## THE OLD "STROLLERS."

"A curious chapter in the history of humanity might be gathered from the annals which the strolling players of the last century. Tate Wilkinson, Charlotte Clarke, Ryley, John Bernard, and others have bequeathed us. They are full of humour and full of sorrow, ridiculous yet tragic; and, however amused we may be by the small vanities, the comical shifts, and laughable stories they abound in, they leave a flavour of sadness behind, and set us thinking upon the truism of how little man's actions are swayed by the substantial interests of life, and how greatly by vanity and self-conceit.

"The strolling player has been capitally described by Holcroft in his 'Memoirs.' 'A company of travelling comedians, then, is a small kingdom of which the manager is the monarch. Their code of laws seems to have existed, with few material alterations, since the day of Shakspeare, who is, with great reason, the god of their idolatry. The person, who is rich enough to furnish a wardrobe and scenes, commences manager, and has his privileges accordingly. If there are twenty persons in the company, for instance, the manager included, the receipts of the house, after all incidental expenses are deducted, are divided into four-and-twenty shares, four of which are called *dead shares*, and taken by the manager as payment for the use of his dresses and scenes; to these is added the share to which he is entitled as a performer. Our manager has five sons and daughters, all ranked as performers; so that he sweeps eleven shares—that is, nearly half the profits of the theatre—into his pocket every night. This is a continual subject of discontent to the rest of the actors, who are all, to a man, disaffected to the higher powers.

"They are; however, most of them in debt to the manager, and, of course, chained to his galley; a circumstance he does not fail to remind them of whenever they are refractory. They appear to be a set of merry, thoughtless beings, who laugh in the midst of poverty, and who never want a quotation, or a story, to recruit their spirits. When they get any money they seem in haste to spend it, lest some tyrant in the shape of a dun should snatch it from them. They have a circuit, or set of towns, to which they resort when the time comes round.

"I observe that the townspeople are continually railing at them, yet are exceedingly unhappy if they fail to return to the appointed time. It is a saying amongst us that a player's sixpence does not go as far as a townsman's groat; therefore, though the latter are continually abusing them for running in debt, they take good care to indemnify themselves, and are no great losers if they get ten shillings in a pound.

"Ryley, in his 'Itinerant,' gives us a picture of a company of strollers entering Worcester, with bag and baggage, scenery and 'properties,' as good as that of Scarron's in his 'Roman Comique.' The manager has preceded his troupe, and gone out to meet them. 'At the entrance of the town I observed a concourse of people collected round a four-wheeled carriage, which moved slowly, and on its approach I found, to my surprise, it was the 'property,' and such an exhibition! Had the carter endeavoured to excite a mob he could not have done it more effectually than by the manner in which he had packed the load. Some scenes and figures belonging to a pantomime lay on the top of the boxes, which were numerous, and piled very high. To keep them steady he had placed a door, on which was painted in large characters, 'Tom's Punch House,' in front of the waggon. This soon gave the title to the whole. Upon the uppermost box, and right over the door, was a giant's head of huge dimensions, whose lower jaw, being elastic-hinged, opened with every jolt of the carriage. By the side of this tremendous head rode a large mastiff, who, enraged at the shouts of the mob, barked and bellowed forth vengeance. The letters on the door had, of course, stamped it for a puppet-show, to corroborate which the impudent carter, somewhat in liquor, had placed a paste-board helmet on his head, whilst with awkward



gesticulation he thumped an old tambourine, to the no small amusement of the spectators. To finish the farcical physiognomy of this fascinating group, Bonny Long and his wife and nine children sat in the rear, Bonny in a large cocked hat, his wife with a child at her breast, wrapped in a Scotch plaid, and the other eight in little red jackets."

"A companion picture to this is one by Bernard, of a certain manager, Penchard, and his company quitting a town. 'First came Mr. Lingner and Mrs. Penchard, arm-in-arm; then old Joe, the stage-keeper, leading a neddly, which supported two panniers, containing the scenery and wardrobe; and above them, with a leg resting on each, Mr. Penchard himself, dressed in his ranger suit of 'brown and gold,' with a wig such as is now worn by a Lord Chief Justice, in which he played Hamlet, Lord Townley, Don Felix, Fanga, &c., and a little three-cornered hat cocked on one side, giving the septuagenarian an air of gaiety that well accorded with his known attachment for the rakes and lovers of the drama; one hand was knuckled in his side (his favourite position), and the other raised a pinch of snuff to his nose, and as he passed along he nodded and bowed to all about him, and seemed greatly pleased with the attention he excited. His daughter and two other persons brought up the rear.' Bernard describes a performance of *The Recruiting Officer* by his company:—'The gallant Captain Plume was sustained by the manager, who, suffering at the time from a severe attack of gout, as well as the weight of about seventy years, was discovered when the curtain drew up, in his elbow chair, one leg swathed in flannel and resting on a stool. He was attired in a Queen Anne suit of regimentals, and his famous wig was surmounted by a huge cocked hat. All his business consisted in taking snuff and using a very dirty pocket-handkerchief. As the gout had deprived him of all use of his limbs, he could neither make an entrance nor an exit, and when his scene was ended the curtain was lowered, and he was wheeled off. Mrs. Penchard—a gushing creature of sixty—doubled Sylvia and Captain Brazen. Mrs. Penchard, now her husband had given up the part, also appeared occasionally as the gallant, gay Lothario."

"What the equipments of these companies were like may be gathered from another description by the same hand. One will serve for all. The scene is Fareham; the theatre is the largest room of an inn. A collection of 'green tatters' across the middle forms a curtain, a pair of paper screens are the wings, and four candles represent the footlights. The scenery consists of two drops; one represents a kitchen, but by the introduction of two chairs and a table, it becomes a gentleman's parlour; add to these a crimson-cushioned, yellow-legged elbow-chair, with a banner behind and a screen in front, and it is transformed into a palace. The second drop represents an exterior, which, as it pictures two houses, a hill, a dale, a stream, and some trees, may pass for a wood, a landscape, and street, according to the fancy of the spectator. The company consists of a heavy man, who plays the tyrant in tragedies, and the French horn in the orchestra."

"Mr. Jackson is manager, prompter, money-taker, scene-painter, machinist, and violinist; he is a company in himself, inasmuch as being letter-perfect in every stock play he can carry on all the mechanical duties of the house, and play ten parts a night with facility *behind the scenes*—a general practice at that time; the Romeo, who is an apothecary by day, sings, and dances horn-pipes; there is a "very low" comedian, and the Juliet is Mrs. Jackson, 'a fat, fussy little old woman."

"The benefit was the poor stroller's salvation—and his degradation. Oh! the supplications and the fawnings he had to make, the humiliations he had to undergo to sell a few pounds' worth of tickets! The haughty monarch of the preceding night might be frequently seen panting along a dusty road in pursuit of some gentleman on horseback, to solicit the purchase of a half-crown ticket. But if he had a wife, such solicitations were usually delegated to her, and on many a rainy, snowy, frosty day Lady Macbeth or Capulet's daughter had to trudge from door to door delivering playbills for the night, and humbly begging the patronage of Mrs. Butcher and Mrs. Grocer, who would snub or condescend, according to their humour. If she had children they always accompanied her, and had a great effect. Ryley relates how the wife of the before-mentioned Bonny Long, as soon as their benefit was announced, would wash her eight children, dress them in scarlet spencers, which made their appearance only on such occasions, and upon entering a town attire herself in Scotch plaid, and with a bundle of playbills would knock at every respectable dwelling to solicit patronage, and usually, thanks to the eight 'little red runabouts,' obtain a crowded house, which the mother of such a family must have sorely needed. After the play the performers had to appear before the curtain, and severally return thanks to his kind 'patrons,' accompanied by his wife and children to curtsy the same, Pater and Materfamilias and the eight little red spencers bowing and curtsying all in a line must have presented a very curious appearance. Not to have complied with this custom would have given great offence to the little great people of a country town, and the wife of a tragedian being once too ill to walk, he brought her before the curtain upon his back rather than risk the offence."

These sketches describe only the more respectable strolling companies. Those who would learn something of the misery and starvation endured by the lower grade, should read the "Memoirs of Charlotte Clarke."

*Rambles Round the World.* By M. le Baron de HUBNER. Translated by Lady Herbert. London: Macmillan and Co.—This is an admirable translation of an admirable book of travel, with numerous interesting illustrations in the way of views and portraits. Tersely written by one whose powers of observation were equal to his opportunities, these rambles convey an amount of closely packed information respecting foreign scenery, cities, governments, costume, trade, and politics, which has every appearance of being thoroughly sound and reliable, and which without making the book less pleasantly readable is wonderfully full and comprehensive. The following extract will afford the reader an idea of the style and kind of book Lady Herbert's able translation has produced:—

#### AMERICA AND ITS FUTURE.

"During the three days I passed at Washington I took my meals at a little table with a young and nice-looking couple, whom I found out to be the Governor of one of the Western States with his wife. The steward who, in the dining-room, directs the waiters and fixes your place at table with an authority which no one dreams of disputing, had placed us together, which enabled us to enter into conversation."

"The Governor began with the usual interrogatory. 'Allow me,' he said, 'to ask you an impertinent question. What country do you belong to? What is your profession? And what has brought you to this great country? What do you think of America? It's a fine country, isn't it? a very fine country, a very big country.'

"Now one reads in every book published in America, and principally in England, that the Yankee is greedy of compliments on his native land; that he swallows any amount of flattery however exaggerated, and that the least criticism, even silence, provokes

and wounds his patriotic sensibilities. This was true once, but the civil war has altered the state of things. Men's minds have become matured. The *enfant terrible*, the young scapegrace has become a grave and earnest man. He has visited Europe and has too much sense and is too clear-sighted to hug himself, as in old times, with the belief that he "whips all creation." This is especially the case in New England, which may be called the centre of the intellectual life of America. The men from the Western States, in the masses, are less enlightened. The South—formerly renowned for its princely hospitality and the aristocratic tastes of its great planters, as well as for the eminent statesmen which she gave to the Republic—the poor South is at present but a mutilated trunk bleeding from thousands of wounds, which time alone can cure; and is therefore in an abnormal condition. I shall not be able to visit her and judge for myself, so that I must leave out this question in speaking of America."

"My Governor from the West was evidently of the old school. I took great care, therefore, not to wound his susceptibilities. In those conflicts between the duties of politeness and the exigencies of truth (in which delicate situation I often find myself), one gets out of the difficulties as best one can by lavishing compliments or ingeniously disguising one's mitigated criticisms. I find that my audience dwell on my enthusiastic expressions and take no note of the timid depreciation or covert malice with which I strive to satisfy my conscience or stifle its voice. Moreover, I have often observed that the more a stranger dwells on the favourable side of things in America, the more his native listener condescends to come down to the regions of truth, and to point out of his own accord what are the faults of the constitution, and the social evils of the United States."

"Yes," replied the Governor, after having swallowed complacently enough a whole mouthful of my compliments; 'yes, we are a great nation—a glorious country. But we are sick. We are suffering from the consequences of a precocious childhood and a too sudden growth. As young men, we lived in a forcing-house; arrived at maturity, we undertook too much, and are now wearing ourselves out with overwork. It is possible, but not probable, that we shall arrive at old age. The Union, I fear, has no future.'

"You ask me," he continued, "for my opinion as to the emancipation of the negroes. It is impossible to speak with certainty; but according to all human probability, the Act of Emancipation was a sentence of death to the coloured people. The negro is naturally idle and improvident. Now that he is free, he works little or not at all, and cares nothing for the morrow. I allow that there are many exceptions. Since the abolition of slavery, the Southern proprietors of the plantations pay their negroes wages, or, which is better, give them a fourth part of the produce, and this system on the whole works well. But, as I said before, a negro who will work and save is the exception. If the last cotton crop has been good, it is only very partially due to the slave labourers; they have not the wish to work in them, so they can never compete with the whites, and very soon will fall into poverty and misery. They are improvident and bad parents. They have no idea of taking care of their children. That used to be the business of the proprietor, who, anxious to preserve and increase his capital, if not from humanity at least from interest, took the greatest care of his female slaves when with child, and of their little ones after. Now, the mortality among the latter is something frightful. Besides, it has been proved by long experience that in the free States the blacks remain numerically stationary, even if they do not diminish. In the slave States, on the contrary, independently of the contingent furnished by the annual slave trade, the negro race increased in the most astonishing degree. This fact may be explained by two causes. The first, the one I before mentioned, namely, the extreme care taken by the proprietors of the nursing mothers and their infants; the second, the partiality of the black women for the whites. In the Southern States, before the Abolition, almost all the marriages were contracted between the blacks themselves. The union of a black woman with a white husband, whether illegitimate or not, was the exception; now the law makes no distinction and throws no obstacle in the way, and the great influx of workmen from the Northern States facilitates the alliance between the blacks and the whites. Thus, on the one hand, misery and sickness especially among the children diminish the black population, and on the other, the very few negroes who by their industry have attained a good position invariably strive to marry their daughters to whites, or at least to half-castes: so that you see that both their virtues and their vices, idleness and work, equally conspire to bring about the eventual destruction of the black race."

"Whilst he was speaking, I asked myself, 'Do the negroes work or not?' It seems to me that the whole question turns upon that. But on this essential point, which is, after all, one of fact, opinions are divided. A statesman highly esteemed in America, and the representative of his country at one of the European courts, said to me:

"People declared, and generally believed, that the emancipated negroes would not work. The statistics of the last cotton crops prove that, under the system of wages and a share in the profits, they are become excellent workmen. Again, it was asserted that they were hopelessly stupid; and now we see that not only are they possessed of extraordinary intelligence, but that they have the greatest wish to educate themselves, and to give a good education to their children."

*Charlotte Cushman: Her Letters and Memories of Her Life.* Edited by her friend, EMMA STEBBINS. Boston: Houghton, Osgood and Co.; London: Trubner and Co. Dedicated "To the dramatic profession which Miss Cushman loved and honoured," this volume is one of deep interest for its members, and at the same time is sufficiently interesting to be popular with playgoers and the general public. It opens with a genealogical sketch of the Cushman family, the history of which is intimately associated with the story of New England's first settlers, that small, devoted, noble-hearted band of pioneers who endured with unshaken courage and brave perseverance the horrible hardships and perils of the wilderness rather than abandon the just privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience. The story of Robert Cushman, as told in the opening chapter, is so well worth reading that we venture to extract a portion of it.

#### ROBERT CUSHMAN.

"Robert Cushman and Elder Brewster, being then appointed financiers and managers of the affairs of the 'Adventurers,' as they were called in England, procured for them two ships, the Speedwell, a vessel of only sixty tons burden, and the famous Mayflower, a little larger. These two vessels sailed in company from Southampton on the 5th of August, 1620, Robert Cushman and family sailing with them."

"A series of disasters, owing to the unseaworthy condition of the Speedwell, obliged them to put back into port twice, and delayed the final departure until Wednesday, September 6, 1620, when the Mayflower sailed with only a portion of the company, the vessel not being large enough to accommodate them all; among those who remained behind was Robert Cushman, it being considered more important that he should remain, as financier and agent at Leyden, to look after the interests of the colony, and send them out supplies and necessities."

"During the following year Robert Cushman published an able pamphlet on Emigration to America, urging the advantages of settling in that country, and on the return of the Mayflower, with favourable accounts of the establishment of the colony at New Plymouth, he made his arrangements to join them, with others who had been left behind. Early in July he sailed for New England in the *Fortune*, a small vessel of fifty-five tons, taking with him his only son, Thomas, whom, on his return to England, he left behind him in the family of the first colonial governor, Bradford. He returned, still acting in the interests of the colonists, and before leaving delivered an able sermon or address to the Pilgrims, since quite noted as the first sermon delivered and printed in New England."

"On one of Miss Cushman's professional visits to Boston Theodore Parker brought her a copy of this sermon, which was first published in London in 1622, the year after its delivery, and afterwards reprinted in Boston in 1724. Various other editions were printed in 1780, 1815, 1822, and 1826. Mr. Cushman continued to act for the colony up to the time of his death, which took place in April, 1626."

"In the records of the colony may be found many evidences of the esteem and consideration in which he was held, and the loss they felt they had sustained in his death. Governor Bradford alludes to him as 'the right hand of the Adventurers, who for divers years has managed all our business with them to our great advantage.' He is also spoken of by the Hon. John Davis, Judge of the United States District Court of Massachusetts, in a biographical sketch of him, published with an edition of his sermon in 1785, as 'one of the most distinguished characters among the collection of worthies who quitted England on account of their religion, and settled in Leyden in 1609. The news of his death and that of Mr. Robinson, their pastor in the city of Leyden, were brought at the same time to Plymouth by Captain Standish, and they were equally lamented by their bereaved and suffering friends there. He was zealously engaged in the success of the colony,—a man of activity and enterprise, well versed in business, respectable in point of intellectual abilities, well accomplished in Scriptural knowledge, an unaffected professor, and a steady, sincere practiser of religion.'

"At a later period (1846) Judge Davis remarked in a letter to Charles Ewer, Esq., the publisher of a new edition of Mr. Cushman's sermon: 'That discourse is a precious relic of ancient times; the sound good sense, good advice, and pious spirit which it manifests will, it may be hoped, now and in all future time meet with approval and beneficial acceptance in our community.' Says the venerable Dr. Dwight, formerly President of Yale College, in a volume of his travels in the United States, published in 1800, 'By me the names of Carver, Bradford, Cushman, and Standish will never be forgotten until I lose the power of recollection.'

"Many other testimonials might be gathered together here, showing the genuine worth of Robert Cushman and the high consideration he enjoyed among his associates; but enough has been said to prove Miss Cushman's right by inheritance to those qualities which lie at the root of all success, and the possession of which her subsequent career so fully exemplified."

How Charlotte, the actress, descendant of Robert Cushman, commenced her professional career as a vocalist, and why she did so is explained in the following way by herself:—

#### HOW MISS CUSHMAN WENT UPON THE STAGE.

"When Mrs. Wood came to sing first in Boston, the theatres gave only five representations in the week. They were not licensed for the Saturday night, and that evening was usually devoted to concerts. On one of these occasions, a piano being wanted, they came to select one at my practising establishment, and while there inquiries were made for a contralto singer to sing one or two duets with Mrs. Wood. Captain Mackey, always good and kind, spoke of me, and I was sent for to go up to the hotel and give a specimen of my powers before Mrs. Wood. The voice was a very remarkable one; it had almost two registers, a full contralto and almost a full soprano, but the low voice was the natural one."

"It was at the Tremont House. Mrs. Wood received me very kindly, and I rehearsed with her, 'As it fell upon a day.' She seemed to be much impressed by the voice, for she immediately sent up stairs to ask Mr. Wood to come down. He came, and I sang again, and at the end of the duet they both seemed much pleased, and both assured me that such a voice properly cultivated would lead me to any height of fortune I coveted. After this first essay of my voice Mrs. Wood was always very kind to me, and I became her constant attendant in her walks; she talked to me much of the pity it would be to waste my voice in mere teaching, and influenced greatly my determination to cultivate it for the stage."

The manner in which she abandoned singing for acting is also told by herself in a letter, from which we extract the brief account:—

"With the Maeders I went to New Orleans, and sung until, owing perhaps to my youth, to change of climate, or to a too great strain upon the upper register of my voice, which, as his wife's voice was a contralto, it was more to Mr. Maeder's interest to use, than the lower one, I found my voice suddenly failing me. In my unhappiness I went to ask counsel and advice of Mr. Caldwell, the manager of the chief New Orleans theatre. He at once said to me, 'You ought to be an actress, and not a singer.' He advised me to study some parts, and presented me to Mr. Barton, the tragedian of the theatre, whom he asked to hear me, and to take an interest in me."

"He was very kind, as indeed they both were; and Mr. Barton, after a short time, was sufficiently impressed with my powers to propose to Mr. Caldwell that I should act Lady Macbeth to his Macbeth, on the occasion of his (Barton's) benefit. Upon this it was decided that I should give up singing and take to acting. My contract with Mr. Maeder was annulled, it being the end of the season. So enraptured was I with the idea of acting this part, and so fearful of anything preventing me, that I did not tell the manager I had no dresses, until it was too late for me to be prevented from acting it; and the day before the performance, after rehearsal, I told him. He immediately sat down and wrote a note of introduction for me to the tragedienne of the French Theatre, which then employed some of the best among French artists for its company. This note was to ask her to help me to costumes for the rôle of Lady Macbeth. I was a tall, thin, lanky girl at that time, about five feet six inches in height. The Frenchwoman, Madame Closel, was a short, fat person of not more than four feet ten inches, her waist full twice the size of mine, with a very large bust; but her shape did not prevent her being a very great actress. The ludicrousness of her clothes being made to fit me struck her at once. She roared with laughter; but she was very good-natured, saw my distress, and set to work to see how she could help it. By dint of piecing out the skirt of one dress it was made to answer for an underskirt, and then another dress was taken in in every direction to do duty as an overdress, and so make up the costume. And thus I essayed for the first time the part of Lady Macbeth, fortunately to the satisfaction of the audience, the manager, and all the members of the company."

The rest of Mrs. Cushman's history will be found admirably told in the volume itself, to which we commend our readers' attention.





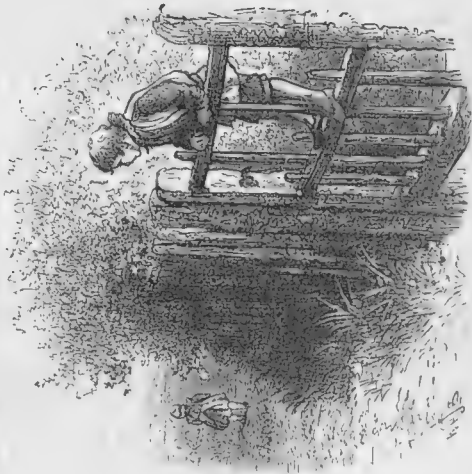
Reapers in the Field.—“The Chandos Poets.”



Laurel Cottage.—“MacLeod of Dare.”



“Bluebeard.” The Amateur Performers Bowing their Thanks.—“Under the Lilacs.”



A Model for Cupid.—“Our Village.”



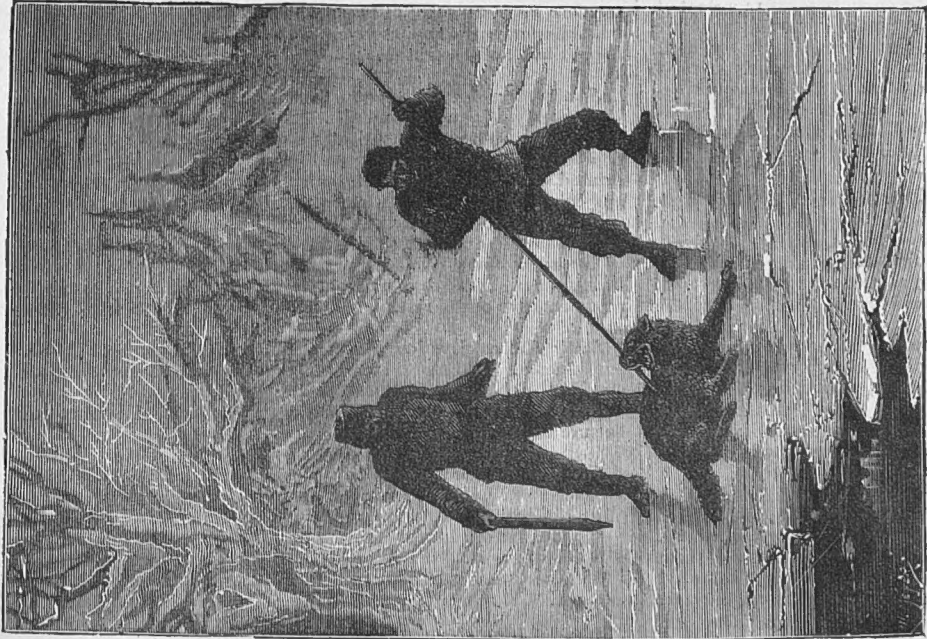
May and the Hedgehog.—“Our Village.” J. C.—“Our Village.”

Silver Birch.—The Forest Queen.—“Our Village.”



Poitou Jackass Sire.—“Live Stock Journal Almanack for 1879.”

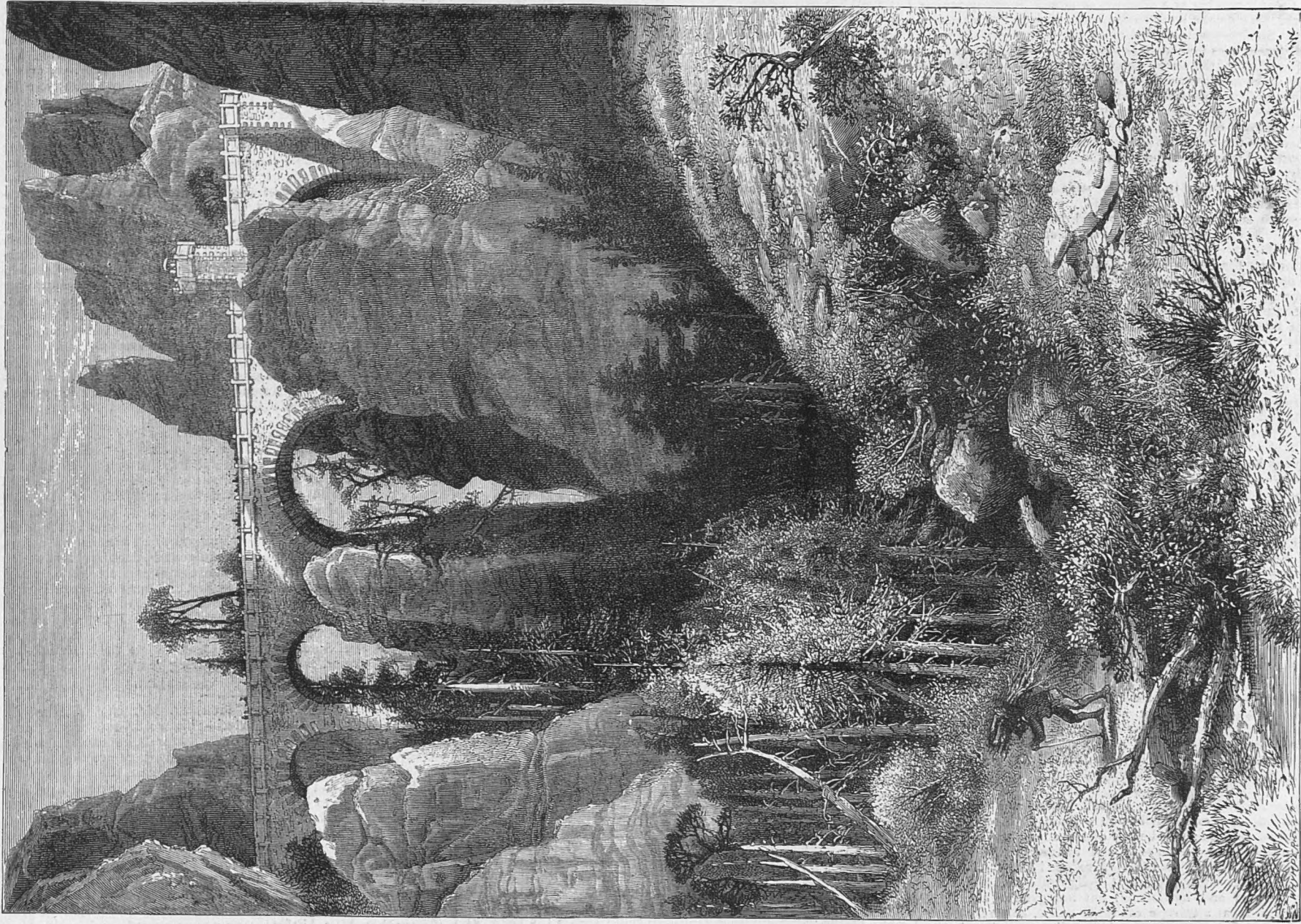




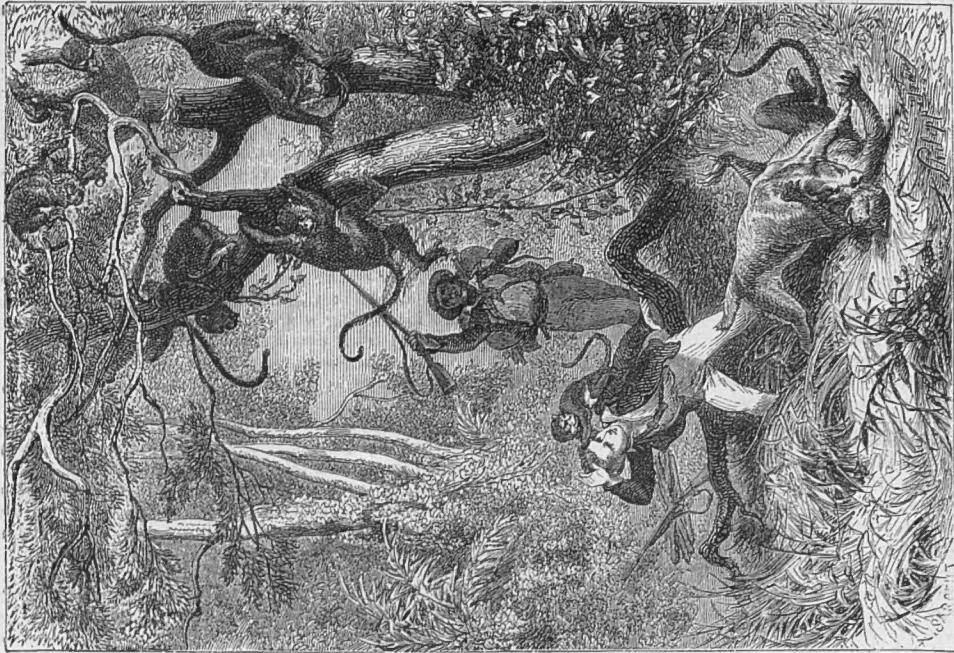
Killing the Wolf.—“With Axe and Rifle.”



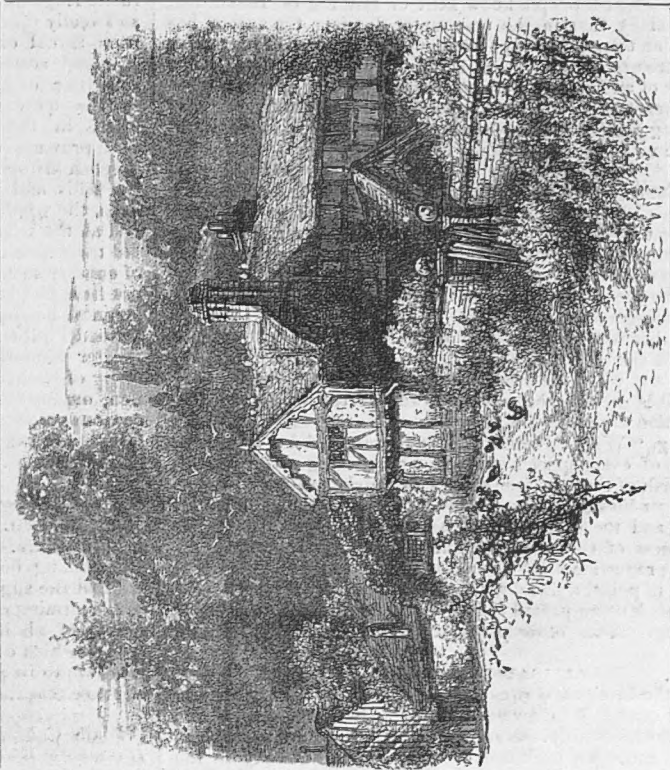
“Zwanzig—twenty schelling, that cup.”—“Grandmother Dear.”



The Bastel Bridge.—“Picturesque Europe,” Vol. V, p. 65.



Attacked by Monkeys.—“Swiss Family Robinson.”



The Old Grange.—“Our Village.”



*Sport and Work on the Nepal Frontier.* By MAORI. One vol. Macmillan and Co.—Alive to the fact that the great majority of English people know little or nothing of Indian life, more especially that in the up-country districts, the author has here given an unambitious but most enjoyable record of his twelve years' experience on the Nepal Frontier. Commencing with the description of an Indian province, several chapters are devoted to life in connection with indigo plantations, the manufacture of indigo being dealt with at length. The post of planter would seem to be no sinecure, as shown by the following:—

## INDIGO PLANTING.

"The planter has to be here, there, and everywhere. He sends carts to this village or to that, according as the crop ripens. Coolies must be counted and paid daily. The stubble must be ploughed to give the plant a start for the second growth whenever the weather will admit of it. Reports have to be sent to the agents and owners. The boiling must be narrowly watched, as also the beating and the straining. He has a large staff of native assistants; but if his *mahye* is to be successful, his eye must be over all. It is an anxious time (October), but the constant work is grateful, and when the produce is good and everything working smoothly, it is perhaps the most enjoyable of the whole year."

This portion of the book may be said to be that included under the heading, "Work," while play is represented by a graphic description of every species of sport, from fishing with primitive tackle for fish of three or four ounces in weight to leopard-shooting and tiger-hunting. Everything is naturally done on a very large scale, and the dangerous element of Indian sport being so much in excess of that carried on in England, the increase of excitement is proportionate. The account of hooking an alligator is an instance in point, a live duck being the bait; the head of the large iron hook being passed round its neck, and the shank under its right wing. After other preparations, an alligator is descried, and then—

## ALLIGATOR CATCHING.

"Again the black mass rises to the surface, but this time nearer to the fated duck. As if aware of its peril, it now struggles and quacks most vociferously. Nearer and nearer each time the black snout rises, and then each time silently disappears beneath the turbid muddy stream. Now it appears again; this time there are two, and there is another at a distance attracted by the quacking of the duck. We on the bank cower down, and go as noiselessly as we can. Sometimes the rope dips on the water, and the huge snout and staring eyes immediately disappear. At length it rises within a few yards of the duck: then there is a mighty rush, two huge jaws open and shut with a snap like factory shears, and amid a whirl of foam and water, and surging mud, the poor duck and the hideous reptile disappear, and but for the eddying swirl and dense volumes of mud that rise from the bottom nothing gives evidence of the tragedy that has been enacted. The other two disappointed monsters swim to and fro, still further disturbing the muddy current."

"Give him lots of time to swallow," yells Pat, now fairly mad with excitement.

"The groom and grass cutters howl and dance. Willie and I dig each other in the ribs, and all generally act in an excited and insane way."

"Pat now puts the rope over his shoulder, we all take hold, and with 'a one, two, three!' we make a simultaneous rush from the bank, and as the rope suddenly tightens with a pull and strain that nearly jerks us all on our backs, we feel that we have hooked the monster, and our excitement reaches its culminating point."

"What a commotion now in the black depths of the muddy stream! The water, lashed by his powerful tail, surges and dashes in eddying whirls. He rises and darts backwards and forwards, snapping his horrible jaws, moving his head from side to side, his eyes glaring with fury. We hold strongly on to the rope although our wrists are strained and our arms ache. At length he begins to feel our steady pull, and inch by inch, struggling demoniacally, he nears the bank. When once he reaches it, however, the united efforts of twice our number would fail to bring him farther. Bleeding and foaming at the mouth, his horrid teeth glistening amid the frothy, blood-flecked foam, he plants his strong curved fore-legs against the shelving bank, and tugs and strains at the rope with devilish force and fury. It is no use; the rope has been tested, and answers bravely to the strain; and now with a long roar, Pat cautiously descends the bank, and gives him a deadly thrust under the fore-arm. With a last fiendish glare of hate and defiance, he springs forward. We haul in the rope. Pat nimbly jumps back, and a pistol-shot through the eye settles the monster for ever. This was the first alligator I ever saw hooked; he measured 16½ feet exactly, but words can give no idea of half the excitement that attended the capture."

Although "Sport and Work" gives evidence of being written by a keen sportsman, it abounds with information of every imaginable kind, and at the present time, when matters are so unsettled in the East and public attention is so much directed in that quarter, there is no doubt it will be warmly welcomed.

*Picturesque Europe.* London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.—This magnificent work cannot fail to be welcomed with a glow of delight and admiration; the beauty of its engravings on steel and wood, and the rare artistic skill and taste with which their subjects have been selected and treated, render it one of the most delightful gift books—if not the most delightful—of the season. Beautifully printed and handsomely but not gaudily bound, it will make the most attractive of table-books, and afford the greatest pleasure to travellers, who will recognise in its varied contents many scenes in which they have wandered, longing for the artist's power to commemorate their picturesqueness or their grandeur. The present volume deals with Italy, the Alps, France, the Rhine, Venice, Rome, Spain, Normandy, and Brittany. We extract from the earlier portion of the work the following remarks upon

## NORMANDY.

"We habitually connect Normandy and Brittany by some such 'agreement of difference' as that which animates the phrases 'cat and dog,' 'root and branch,' 'heel and toe.' They have manifest relations, or, at least, associations; but in almost every physical respect they are contrasts and opposites. Yet to Englishmen who care for the history of their native land, and of their progenitors who have made that history what it is, Normandy and Brittany appeal with force of ancestral traditions. Something more than the mere fact, then, of their contiguity may have led our travelling countrymen into the habit of combining them in one tour. Our national connection with Brittany, indeed, belongs to remote antiquity. Somewhat different is the case with Normandy, the history of which duchy down to the date of its union with the French crown at the commencement of the thirteenth century is inseparable from the authentic chronicles of the English nation. No traveller can fail to recognise the great resemblance between certain districts of Northern France and parts of Southern England, a resemblance which extends even to the character of the people. It is wonderful to see how much of some of us may remember as old-fashioned English comfort, and of the manners and customs of our fathers

or grandfathers exists in many parts of Normandy. Country or town life, it is all the same. I have often imagined myself in the rustic England of a past generation—the England so heartily and so sweetly described, half from affectionate imagination and half from actual experience, by the gentle Washington Irving, the England scarcely altered, in his view, from its simplicity in the time of Addison and Steele, when I have sojourned in the quietest parts of La Basse Normandie, a country tilld in the Sussex fashion of half a century ago. In that province of France, which is rightly called the cradle of English history, one sees the chalk downs, the farms and orchards, the fields and hedgerows, the windmills, the cottages and gardens, the winding streams, the village gables, the church spires, and all the salient points of an unspoiled English landscape. Nor did the peasant costumes seem to be altogether foreign to the idea of country scenes in the England of the past. We Britons may not have had among us, in modern or nearly modern epochs, the feminine head-gear of Normandy, as an adornment of our neat-handed Phillises, but the days are not so long gone by when a greater abundance of snowy linen, and less of the nondescript finery of feathers and artificial flowers in wonderful confusion of hue, ornamented the heads of British womankind. A certain consonance with English ways and feelings must account for the fact that in every town of Normandy there is a considerable English settlement."

*Grandmother Dear.* A Book for Boys and Girls. By Mrs. MOLESWORTH. Illustrated by Walter Crane. London: Macmillan and Co.—"Grandmother Dear" is a really delightful little story-telling book for children, written in simple language, and without the slightest degree of affectation in style or sentiment. The charming old lady, who is its heroine, cannot fail to win the hearts of all its little readers, and the various incidents and stories which compose it are all so good and so interesting that it is sure to be popular. But what will the author of that very effective sensational story,

## "A VERY STRANGE BED."

(Wilkie Collins), which first appeared, if we mistake not, in *Household Words*, say to the following extract? Ralph, Sylvia, and Molly are talking with their grandmother:—

"What about going to bed? It's only seven; but if you are tired?"

"But we're not a bit tired," said Molly.

"We never go to bed till half-past eight, and Ralph at nine," said Sylvia.

"The word 'bed' had started a new flow of ideas in Molly's brain."

"Grandmother," she said, growing all at once very grave, "that reminds me of one thing I wanted to ask you; do the tops of beds ever come down now in Paris?"

"Do the tops of the beds in Paris ever come down?" repeated grandmother. "My dear child what do you mean?"

"It was a story she heard," began Sylvia, in explanation.

"About somebody being suffocated in Paris by the top of the bed coming down," continued Ralph.

"It was a robber that wanted to steal his money," added Molly.

"Grandmother began to look less mystified."

"Oh, that old story!" she said. "But how did you hear it? I remember it since I was a little girl; it really happened to a friend of my grandfather's, and afterwards I came across it in a little book about dogs—'Fidelity of Dogs' was the name of it, I think. The dog saved the traveller's life by dragging him out of the bed."

"Yes," said Aunt. "I remember that book too. It was among your child's books, mother. A queer little musty brown volume, and I remember how the story frightened me."

Mr. Walter Crane's illustrations, although a little scratchy, are very good and cleverly drawn.

*Odd Folks at Home.* By C. L. MATEAUX. Illustrated. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.—A delicate, ailing child, sent into the country for his health, is visiting a farmhouse, where it is distinctly understood that his lessons are to be few, and his outdoor ramblings frequent and numerous. Under these circumstances he meets with a worthy and genial old gentleman, who is also visiting for the improvement of his health, and with him starts an acquaintanceship, which ripens into a friendship fruitful of all sorts of pleasant things, which the young readers of this little book are invited to share. Thus the sick lad becomes acquainted with the angler's lore and the living odd folks of the rivers, streams, and brooks, whereby he is induced to start an aquarium. From the river he visits the seaside, and become familiar with curious phases of being in the flowers and weeds from strange gardens under the waves, the crabs and their odd-looking relations. The shrimp welcomes us to his world of great waters, of which he is the scavenger, and various more or less odd or mysterious-looking fishes, sea-birds, dolphins, narwhals, the coral insects, &c., &c., every varying phase of life in these odd folks being described and illustrated with excellent engravings.

*Nature Pictures.* Thirty Original Illustrations by J. H. DELL. Engraved by Paterson, with Illustrative Extracts from the Poets. London: F. Warne and Co.—Both artist and engraver deserve high praise for the admirable way in which they have done their work, nor should the printer be forgotten, for the book before us is in every respect artistically and carefully executed. There is a little want of solidity here and there in a few of the drawings, and in some of the representations of bright, sunny effects the shadows are decidedly too black and heavy—wanting in reflected light, which is abundantly present under the circumstances represented. Mr. Dell is a student in the Birkett Foster school of landscape artists, in whose steps he frequently follows so closely as to strongly remind one of actual pictures by that artist. He is, however, a very able and clever draughtsman, and moreover one who is sure to hit the public taste. Mr. Dell's moonlight effects are the least realistic things in the collection, and in the figures the proportions are sometimes defective.

*With Axe and Rifle; or, the Western Pioneers.* By W. H. G. KINGSTON. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.—This is another of those books of travel and adventure which most English boys find delight in, and have an insatiable craving for. It is as full as it can be of all sorts of exciting incidents, one treading closely upon the heels of the other. Fights with wild beasts and savages, hairbreadth escapes, and such-like materials are ingeniously led up to by minor incidents, affording many glimpses of interesting and varied foreign scenery, historical events, curiosities of natural history, customs and manners, costumes, &c. The illustrations are mostly electrotypes from French originals, but they are, on the whole, very good, and full of picturesque and romantic effects.

*Under the Lilacs.* By LOUISA M. ALCOTT (author of "Little Women"). London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.—Although we have grown a little tired of these wonderful, half precocious, half simpleton, and wholly obtrusive American children of American story-books, yet here they are

the central figures of a story so admirable and charmingly interesting, and so prettily told, that we regard them with almost as much favour as we should if we had never seen them before. "Under the Lilacs" is a little story which touches the more tender feelings very sweetly, and as a gift-book for young people is sure to be an immense favourite. The illustrations are excellent, as will be admitted after seeing the specimen we give.

*Nature and Life.* By NICHOLAS MICHELL. London: F. Warne and Co.—This volume contains the miscellaneous poems of Nicholas Michell, with a portrait of the author, and what are called "original" illustrations, poorly printed, being in at least many cases unsatisfactory bits cut out of blocks wonderfully like very old friends. However, as they may fairly claim the title of *new cuts*, we suppose their originality may also be admitted. In the poems themselves there is, with much descriptive power, pathos, sweetness, and delicacy of thought and feeling.

*Etna: A History of the Mountain and its Eruptions.* By G. F. RODWELL. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.—This is a most exhaustive and interesting work, dealing with Mount Etna under all its aspects, and from every imaginable point of view. The fact "that Etna is far more thickly populated than any other part of Sicily or Italy—in fact, more so than almost any equal area in the world, of course excepting large cities and their neighbourhood," is a statement which will surprise many, and possibly create an interest in Etna which we think has hitherto been wanting. In the preface Mr. Rodwell acknowledges his indebtedness to many learned authorities, which does not detract from the merits of the volume, seeing that the author brings many original and able theories to bear on the facts thus compiled.

*Life of Robert Schuman.* By Von WASIELEWSKI. Translated by A. L. ALGER. London: W. Reeves.—This story of a great musician's struggles, sufferings, triumphs, and sadly premature death, is an interesting and instructive one, both for musicians and general readers. It has been translated with commendable skill and care.

*The Birket Foster Portfolio of Gems.* London: Raphael Tuck.—A well and strongly made portfolio, containing a set of eight cleverly-executed and well-printed chromo-lithographs from paintings by Birket Foster, accompanied by faintly printed and shadowed outlines for copyists studying colour. Any boy or girl ambitious of producing pictures in colours with comparative ease, may do so with the aid of these, and at the same time receive really fairly good lessons in the way of touch, colour, and finish.

*The Christmas Books of Mr. M. A. TITMARSH.* London: Smith, Elder, and Co.—This is an admirable and timely re-issue of a collection of sparkling sketches and stories which will always retain their delightful freshness and attractiveness. Its illustrations by the late Richard Doyle, and its famous, still deeply lamented, author are full of character and originality, and if their drawing is a little stiff and amateurish occasionally, they all have qualities for which the best of good drawing would be but a comparatively poor substitute. Many thousands will be as glad as we are to have these pages thus clearly printed, compactly arranged, and handily bound for ready use at home by the Christmas fireside, in railway trains, on the road to spend Christmas holidays, or snug in the great-coat pocket for luxurious snatches in the short intervals after meals during the work-a-day hours of those for whom, alas! Christmas brings the briefest of resting pauses, to be followed and preceded by the closest application to laborious duties. For lightening such duties even such minute doses of Michael Angelo Titmarsh will act like a charm.

*The Live-Stock Journal Almanack for 1879.* London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.—Copiously illustrated and packed full of useful information, Breeders of cattle, exhibitors at agricultural shows, gardeners, farmers, and country gentlemen generally will find a copy of this almanack extremely useful and interesting. We select two illustrations from its pages of prize animals. One was drawn at the Paris Cattle Show, from a Poitou jackass sire—winner of a first prize. Poitou is the seat of mule and donkey breeding in France, and the animal from which the engraving was obtained is acknowledged to be one of the best in the country, and worth three hundred pounds. For the formation of a stud-book for English cart-horses by the Farmers' Club in March last a committee was appointed, of which the Earl of Ellesmere was president and Earl Spencer vice-president, and to the latter belongs the prize winner, which the engraving represents—the dapple grey mare "Regina."

*Our Village.* By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD (Illustrated). London: Sampson Low & Co.—This work, one of the most graceful and genial of English prose pastorals, has at last a shrine worthy of its beauty and fame. The engravings are finished and printed with the most scrupulous care, and the drawings by W. H. J. Boot and C. O. Murray are, for the most part, genuine little gems of art in black and white. The latter is, however, here and there somewhat weak in his drawing, especially when representing figures in action. His frontispiece is, however, very fine, both in conception and feeling, and it would be difficult to speak too highly of Mr. Boot's exquisite little snatches of English scenery, obtained, we fancy, from the spot in which the authoress was so long a reigning divinity beloved by the poor and honoured by the rich. It is undoubtedly as the writer of *Our Village* that Miss Mitford is now remembered, and as by that work she is likely to retain her fame in the future, it is pleasant to see *Our Village* so elegantly reproduced in a form which cannot fail to be permanently attractive. This book will undoubtedly be the gift book of the season.

*Shakspeare for Children.* By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. Illustrated by John Moyr Smith. London: Chatto and Windus. Of all the numerous editions of these popular stories the present is at once the handsomest and most attractive. Splendidly printed and elegantly bound, with numerous excellent woodcuts and coloured plates, which are artistically rich without approximating to gaudiness, it would be difficult to imagine a more acceptable present for the little people who are just now a-tiptoe with expectations of the good things Father Christmas always brings them. We select one of the illustrations, which is fairly representative of the rest.

*Little Folks.* London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. No more complete or carefully edited work for children has been issued than this, and we have great pleasure in commending its Christmas volume as a gift which little folks will be sure to appreciate.

*Golden Childhood.* London: Ward, Lock, and Co. This is another annual volume closely akin to the above in the character of its contents but with fewer original blocks, nearly all of them being familiar old friends which have often done duty in a variety of different pages. Nevertheless the subjects are cleverly selected, and in every way suitable, as the one we have selected may serve to show.



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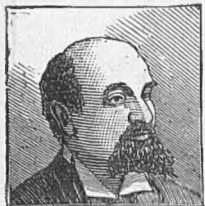
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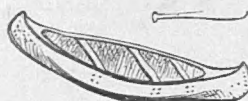
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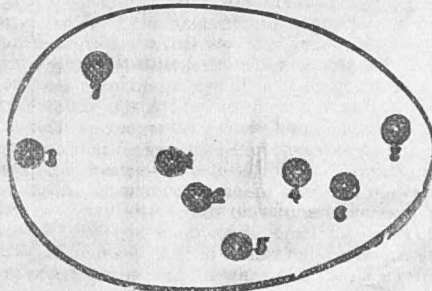
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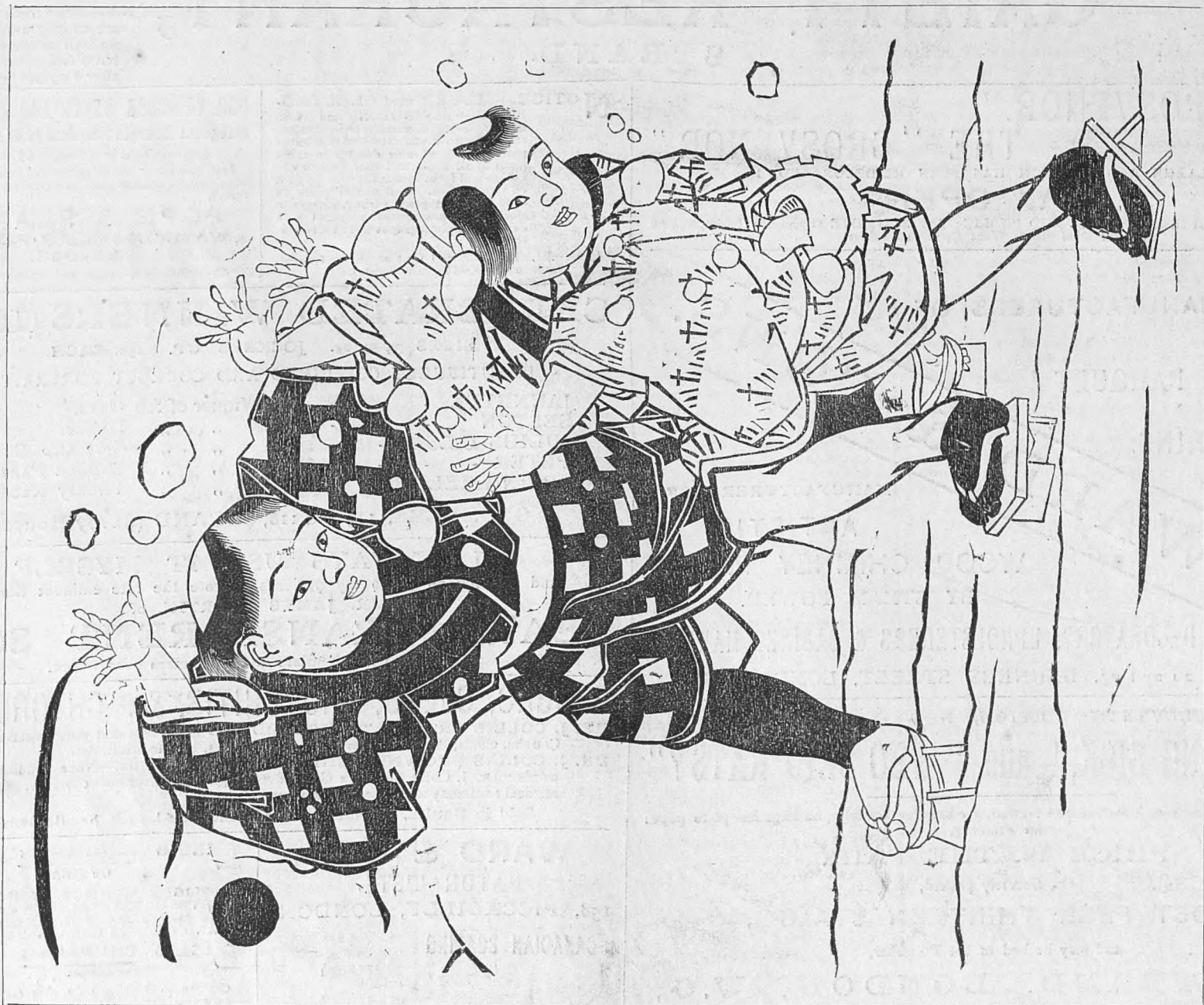
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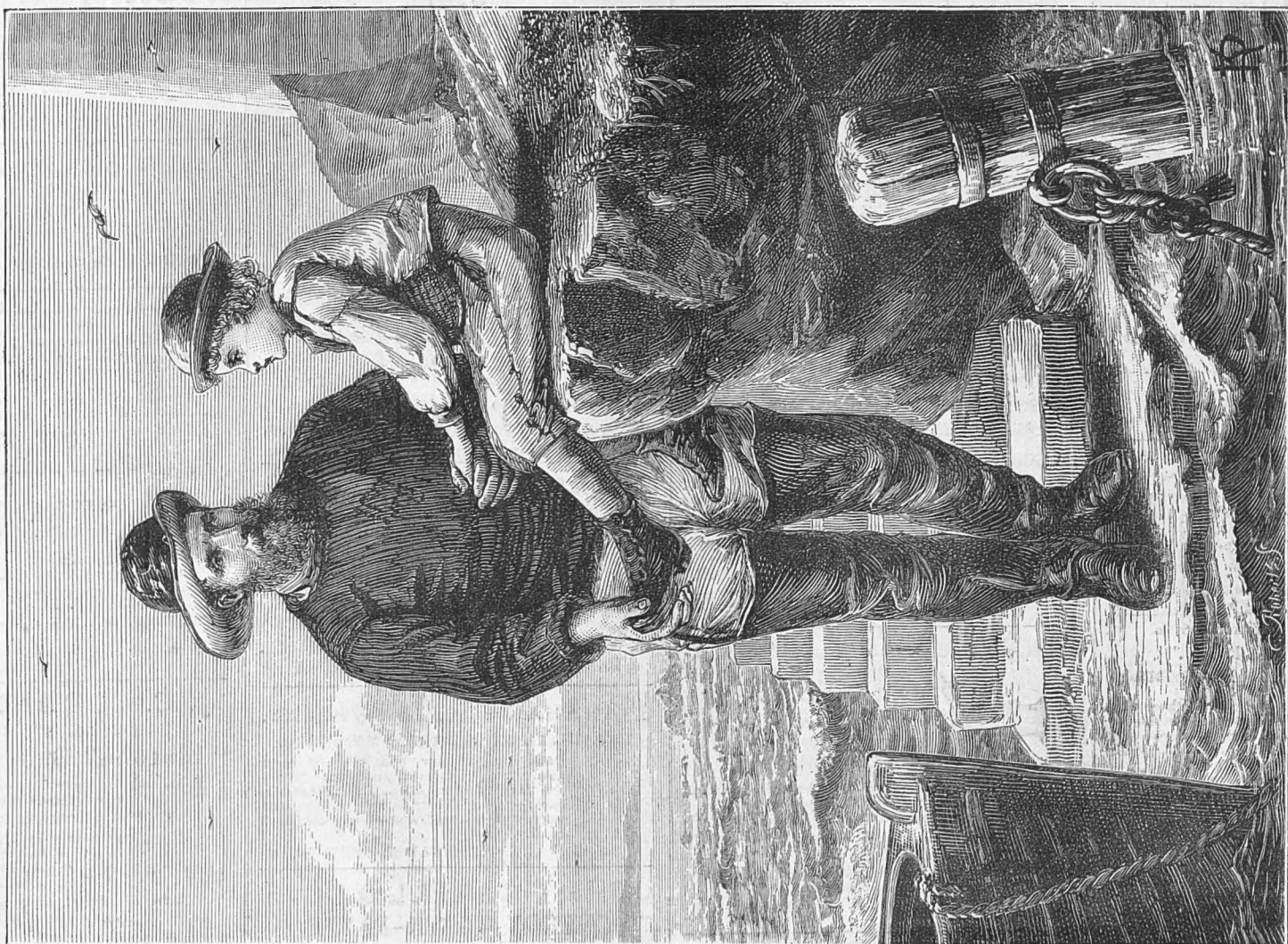
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